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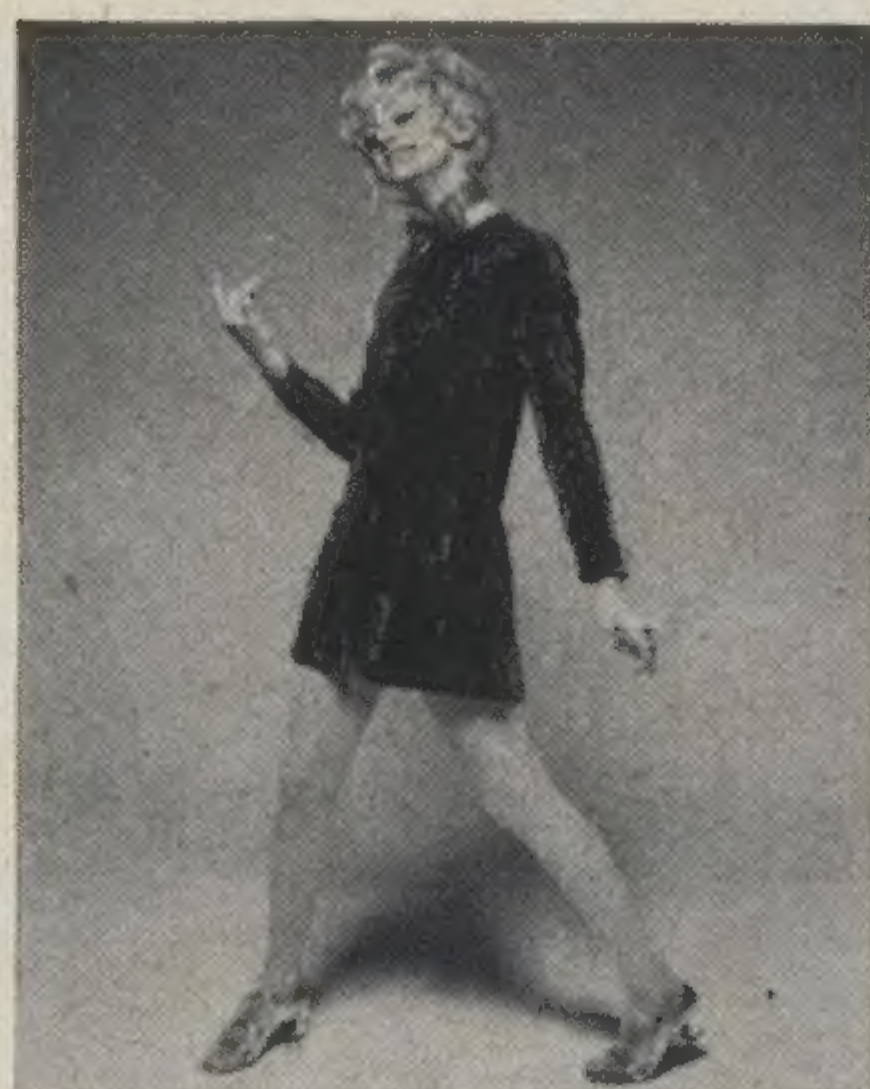
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BERT STERN

COVER: Sparkling Burgundy—fizzy, funny, delicious Goldie Hawn in a crush of Burgundy velvet tied with satin ribbon and sparklers; her huge greeny eyes absolutely batty with lashes (the kind of fringe benefits any girl can have with Revlon's feathery, fluttery, Fluffy-Full Lashes).

Dress by Weber Originals, of rayon crushed velvet (Wimpfheimer fabric). About \$32. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Kaufmann's; Joseph Magnin. Hyman Hendler satin ribbon. Bergère pin, at Bonwit Teller. Bewitching sparkle tights. Silvery sandals, at Henri Bendel. For more about Goldie, see pages 51 and 98.

FASHION

- 51 Vogue's Eye View: The Goldie Rush
- 52 The Bedazzlers—Raquel Welch in molten colours and blazing-bright furs
- 62 Optic Nerve—a look at the new Art-Nouveau fabrics through orange eyes
- 64 The Grey Hurray!—the colour of the year in every shade; for every hour; with touches of brightness; in fur and fabric and leather
- 74 Vogue Patterns: the grey-jersey hurray
- 76 On the Bottega Beat: Italian ready-to-wear worn by Princess Marina Wolkonsky; Christian Hay; Katia Moguy; Princess Edouard Egon Fürstenberg; Florinda Bolkan; Carla Gravina
- 90 Nifty new looks going to town for fall
- 98 A mine of shine—gleamy little numbers worn by Goldie Hawn
- 106 Shoe-and-stockings news: everything on the rise
- 114 Lingerie: the naturals
- 134 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

- 29 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere
- 82 People Are Talking About . . . Ali MacGraw
- 86 Shoot-for-the-Moon Mailer. By Leticia Kent
- 122 Your Allergies—What Doctors Know and May Do Right Now. By Allene Talmey
- 124 Richard Lindner: A Painter of Figures, Unique, Brilliantly Erotic. By Dean Swanson

FASHIONS IN LIVING

- 128 Space Venture—The Ertegün Town House. By Polly Devlin

BEAUTY

- 28 Vogue's Ready Beauty
- 32 Beauty Checkout: The latest in rose-tinted glasses
- 100 Beauty Bulletin: Play it again . . . who got the encores and why
- 104 The Eye Job: Face lifts for eyes only

DEPARTMENTS

- 34 Vogue's Notebook: A Country Wedding in England
- 36 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Margot Hentoff
- 36 Vogue's Spotlight: Art. By Barbara Rose
- 38 Vogue's Spotlight: Underground. By John Gruen
- 40 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Jean Stafford
- 44 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Frederic Tuten
- 46 Vogue's Spotlight: Pop Music. By Richard Goldstein
- 49 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes

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CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL



Beauty bulletin

(Continued from page 103)

vigour. . . . Yes, Virginia, there is a *Bonne Bell*. She's a pretty blonde, and the daughter of the founder of company of same name. Bonne Bell launched in 1936 the celebrated *Ten-O-Six*, which started life as Prescription #1006, a "preparation for acne" developed by a Cleveland physician and pharmacist. The acne-mender promptly made friends with the whole family; came to mean many things to many skins: astringent, cleanser, normalizer, good beauty medicine in general. Bonne Bell now is obliged to put it out by the gallon jug.

Here are some obliging men in our little black book, and some dates that turned steady. *Max Factor*, for instance, who not only coined the word *makeup* in 1928, but ten years later gave new meaning to the word with *Pan-Cake*, the complexion-adjusting cake makeup that still sells like hot cakes. In 1947 came Factor's *Pan-Stik*, cream makeup in stick form, ingenious application that captured imaginations, still holds them in thrall. . . . *John H. Breck*, Hair & Scalp Specialist, opened an office in Springfield, Mass., in 1909. The first *Breck shampoos* for home use became available nationally in the 30's, separated the Dry from the Oily from the Normal for which Dry's, Oily's, and Normal's seem increasingly grateful. *Custom-blended face powder* started, in effect, when Mr. Charles arrived in America, opened a beauty salon in the Ritz Carlton Hotel. In the early 30's, *Charles of the Ritz* powder bars opened in department stores around the country, and women are still hung up on their own powder recipes. . . . *Anatole Robbins*, movie makeup man, wanted his stars to look like real-live girls in closeups, brewed in 1929 the wondrous *Countess Isserlyn makeup* now dispensed by Alexandra de Markoff. One of the first translucents with enough pigment to give real coverage, Countess Isserlyn is, forty years later, the secret of many a young and luminous "natural look." . . . Certainly the most

(Continued on page 30)

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Facing facts

Bailing out the Queen Elizabeth II with a coffeespoon is as nothing to the futility of patching up our pallid cheeks, streaky lids, and an incandescent nose at midpoint of a crowded day. So wild elation should ensue at the discovery that the beacons of ingenuity at Richard Hudnut have come forth with Lasting Beauty, a marvellously fine mist that sprays over one's freshly made-up face and keeps it looking freshly made-up, hour after hour. Lasting Beauty is as clear as spring water, and apparently just as safe, being hypo-allergenic. It works on the ice-pack principle—that is, it sets cosmetics invisibly, coolly, and cloglessly. One spraying might see a girl through a very long evening.

The assured beauty

Legislation is being pushed through at this very moment to impose dire penalties on girls who go through an evening tweaking out mirrors, peering morosely, and saying: "I look a mess." If they do indeed look a mess, why didn't they do their homework and come out looking marvellous? Beauty Aids of Los Angeles have launched a trio of tricks aimed at producing the glossiest self-approval. Face-Lift, a satiny pink, hypoallergenic emulsion, works around the clock to keep one's skin dewy. It should be put on under makeup, and again at bedtime to fend off lines and patchiness. Eye-Lift is a light, rich cream that removes eye makeup, leaving in its wake silky smoothness. Nail-Aide is sopping with protein, and promises new length and strength for hitherto desperate fingernails.

Hair supremacy

There is a widespread female belief that setting the hair is automatically followed by rain. L'Oréal of Paris, bridging expertly between laboratory éclat and womanly mystique, have invented Satine Hair Setting Lotion, especially formulated to protect one's hairdo, weather or not. By penetrating the hair shaft and offering it body and suppleness, Satine also helps avoid tangling and breakage. In two strengths: one for normal, one for bleached or tinted hair.

The pleasure of your company

If taxi drivers—the most jaded of men—never ask what perfume you've got on, it just might be that you should consider a change of signals. We notice that girls who wear Millot's Crêpe de Chine never stop trotting out smug vignettes about their chosen scent, which does maintain a quite unbeatable balance of dash and delicacy. The newly packaged Spray Cologne and Poudre Mist are slim and unshatterable, for easy packing. (More Ready Beauty, page 30)

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she sees for you
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pinning the days
to look out for,
look forward to,
in the astrological
prospects of love
and fortune:
a forecast reaching
as far as
the next issue
of Vogue.

HOROSCOPE

August 15
thru
August 31

ARIES. March 21 to April 19. A fire (adventurous), cardinal (do-er) sign. Between the 16th and the 23rd of August, a total response can be expected from those you made contact with in all business affairs initiated in April or the first half of August. This would consolidate your efforts, especially those made for a lasting program. You should attract new business associates whose ideas have much to offer you. Your ability to respond to new ideas suits your opportunities. Take time out on the 21st and 22nd to enjoy those you love, for the 29th and 30th require your complete attention to your opportunities.

LEO. July 23 to August 22. A fire (loving), fixed (definite) sign. The powerful Sun in your sign now emphasizes your power and stature until the 23rd. Go after every hope and wish. Begin on the 18th to seek cooperation with business partners. Give all of your attention to personal happiness on Jupiter's day, the 21st. Save Venus's day, the 22nd, for social events and love. If a duty from the past requires attention, then respond on the 29th, for it should go surprisingly well.

SAGITTARIUS. November 22 to December 21. The third fire (idealistic), common (conciliatory) sign. The opposition is testing you. The other side (Mercury) demands your definite answer. Compromise will not satisfy. Power (the Sun) favours you now. State your convictions. Idealism with action (Mars) promises triumph. Sell your ideas on the 16th to the 22nd—they are totally acceptable—but know when to stop.

TAURUS. April 20 to May 20. The first earth (practical), fixed (resolute) sign. You should return to the past to revive an old relationship with a former love on Sunday the 17th. The return to past events provides many answers, especially on the 23rd and 24th. That which was known or was encountered in former years is now due for both reconciliation and resolution. The 31st of August reveals a truth. You are clearly released from an old, lingering doubt.

VIRGO. August 23 to September 22. The second earth (useful), common (double) sign. All Virgoans can now assess the many advantages initiated while lucky Jupiter occupied your sign for the year. As Jupiter moves into your second house—possessions and money—Jupiter will stimulate financial involvements on the 19th and 20th, with best results in this area on the 27th. A surprising turn of events on the 29th brings the month to an exciting climax. On the 31st, very good news from someone you love gives a new lift to your life.

CAPRICORN. December 22 to January 19. The third and last earth (utilitarian), cardinal (active) sign. With everyone's cooperation, your carefully planned and organized program should bring good news on the 24th. With a grateful heart, you take your winnings on the 25th and 26th. You have waited patiently for over two years; now you have the right to expect your program to be put into motion and to be fully acknowledged. It means more responsibility, but a higher level will be reached that suits your desire to be truly important.

GEMINI. May 21 to June 21. The first common (twofold), air (knowing) sign. You may find the period of August 18th to the 23rd very demanding. Many questions and alternatives imposed upon you will require answers. Ponder well before making precise resolutions on the 27th and 28th. Power now seems to be in the hands of business associates. Take your time, for it is better to be safe. Save the 30th and 31st for the happiness of social activities and love.

LIBRA. September 23 to October 23. The second air (information), cardinal (initiating) sign. You start on a new venture on the 16th. It should not, however, be treated too extravagantly on the 17th or its whole potential will be lost. There are two ways to deal with this opportunity: either as a fast win or as a venture cultivated slowly after the 22nd as part of a more serious and lasting program. As you are attracting so many new ideas, sort them out from the 27th to the end of the month to be certain that you choose the most reliable. If you rush into an acceptance of the first proposal made to you, better things will not be yours later.

AQUARIUS. January 20 to February 18. The third air (distributor), fixed (rigid) sign. Everyone, especially loved ones, seems to be making heavy demands upon you. The 18th may well be the day you find most difficult. Do the one thing you do best: give it the air. Wait until the last week in August to negotiate. Seek the answer on the 28th. If you can wait and if you circulate the information that provokes the right response, good news should come on the 29th.

CANCER. June 22 to July 22. The first water (feeling), cardinal (active) sign. This last half of August is a most fortunate period for you. You thrive when emotionally happy. You are particularly so from the 18th through the 26th as Venus (love and social) occupies your sign, enhancing your social life. Do not neglect the more serious business duties on the favourable dates of August 25th and 26th. Take this wonderful period seriously to strengthen relationships of an enduring nature.

SCORPIO. October 24 to November 21. The second water (sensitive), fixed (firm) sign. You may try to seek answers or responses on the 18th and 19th but do not be disturbed if you are turned down. From the 21st to the 25th all business arrangements fall satisfactorily into place. Take the 30th as your day to play. Because this is the only resistant month, give up the fight en route to your goals. Neptune in your sign still favours you with fame and the ability to attract the limelight. Luck will find you. If you seek it, it will flee.

PISCES. February 19 to March 20. The third and last water (instinctive), common (agreeable) sign. You may expect the last half of this month to be good to you. Your water friends, Cancer (with Venus) and Scorpio (with Neptune), combine to bring you emotional rewards as well as opportunities through the social medium (Venus). Working solidly from the 23rd to the 28th, this conjunction stimulates income. You remain a winner as long as Neptune occupies your reward sign, Scorpio. Whether you choose love or fame, you'll be able to handle either or both.

popular date in hair-colour dating games: *Clairol*, who gave our hairdresser a new authority. Only he knows for sure what we're up to. Beyond that we owe to Clairol such kindnesses as Kindness; Carmen Curlers, the instant hairsetters. In 1960 Clairol made it increasingly difficult to tell whether silver threads are or are not among the gold, black, or what-had-you? *Loving Care*, a hair-colour lotion that turns grey hair ungrey, can be applied with a minimum of fuss and caution over the entire head. It's called "semi-permanent," but it's a permanent entry, a monthly date, in the little black books of owners who don't care to be on the silver standard. . . . 1959: another taking date in hair-colour lore. *Roux* then came forth with *White Minx*, a Fanci-full Rinse that became famous as a whitener of white hair, a drabber-out of brass in blond, red, grey. . . . In the 30's a hair-conditioner star was born, and it twinkles more brightly than ever. Of the true hair conditioners, *Wella Kolestal's* super-refined compound of natural emollients in cream form does such a noticeable correction and maintenance job on ailing hair that its hard-core constituents would rather fight than switch. . . . Gadgets and guile have improved the figures on the American scene. *Relax-A-cizor*, the little electronic genius that gave the lazy man passive exercise came along in 1951, jolted muscles and flab into tone. *Zeigler* has been working with similar zeal on the electric contouring of faces since 1958. More on the inside track, *Metrecal* (1959), a formula diet, has changed the architecture as well as the menu of many Americans. . . . Remember when you practically needed an Equity card to get a decent makeup job—who else but actors had access to a properly-lighted mirror? Nobody. Till 1966, when *Mirror Go Lightly* premiered their ingenious civilian-size adaptation of the vrai theatrical thing . . . the light that never fails.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Full speed a-head

The soul-satisfying squeak that announces successfully-washed hair is not normally heard unless one has plodded through two soapings and two rinsings, which is only one of the reasons for smiles and dimples after a first go-round with Fermo Caresse Shampoo. It is so marvellously made that one drudgeless application, plus one swift rinse, leaves one head of shining-clean, tangle-resistant, body-beautiful hair. Equally interesting—Fermo Caresse is applied in a totally new way: one need only pat it on, which obviates the drubbing so lethal for bleached or damaged hair. There is one version for women, another for men, both made by Fermodyl Laboratories from the original Belgian formula, both trimly and conveniently tubed. Fermo Caresse, which is available at your favourite beauty salon, is about as expensive as a shampoo can get, but where one's hair is concerned, who cares?

Lather perfect

Next to bonbons before lunch, or a double-feature on a weekday afternoon, what can feel so immoral as never using soap and water on your face? If you have been whimpering about the irritability that sometimes overtakes paper-dry, soap-fearing skin, mop up your tears and give a cheer for Houbet-Clear. Mem, the company responsible for this translucent, amber-sudsing bar, tells us Houbet-Clear is neither a soap nor a detergent, but a sensitive, bacteria-battling formula that is as gentle as lotion, and has a pH factor closely related to that of healthy skin. Further encouraging reports indicate that faithful lathering will help build a residual barrier against the infections that may turn into spotty problems when you're not looking. And, for all its serious table of contents, Houbet-Clear is as fecklessly fragrant as a handful of wildflowers.

Sorcerer's apprentice

Wouldn't you think a perfume with the unsettling name of Witchcraft—which is what Sortilège means—would be stirred up from mandrake root and powdered rue? Actually, although Le Galion, who prepare this liquid sorcery, are not about to give out a flower-by-flower recipe, it appears to be a deliciously complicated mélange of jasmine and hyacinth, wild lily and cyclamen, with a curious note distilled from the tiny, twiny orchids that grow in the jungles of South America, plus other ingredients any witch would give her broomstick for. Sortilège exists in perfume, Parfum Spray, Eau de Sortilège, Poudre de Bain, and Perfumed Hair Spray.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

August 15

... *Pour
être
belle*

Tall, dark-haired, creamy-skinned, with marvellous oblique dark eyes, the Vicomtesse de Ribes is one of the legendary beauties of our time—renowned, too, for looking beautiful in all circumstances: early in the morning at the top of an Alpine ski-run, or at the end of a long, late party. When other women are coming slightly unglued, the Vicomtesse remains soignée; “Jacqueline really looks so amazingly in order,” says one admirer. . . . What is her secret? Fascinated inquiries have turned up at least one clue: she uses her head. More precisely, she uses her hair—which is long, thick, and glowing with health—as a strong and positive beauty adjunct. She is superb at doing her own hair, and keeps a tight rein on any hairdresser who does it—even the great Alexandre—directing him exactly where to pull, loosen, braid, augment. Because she likes the look of volume, of fullness, she has always used crépon—finely-carded wool, in a matching colour—in different amounts for different effects: as a “rat” to puff up the front, instead of teasing it; in small bits above the temples to add fullness; tucked in at the back to give a round, sleek look. “She uses crépon,” said our informant, “just the way some women use rouge; a bit more one day, less another.” . . . And there’s another way in which the Vicomtesse’s hair contributes to the unflawed perfection of her looks—the smoothness of her oval face, the long sweep of her magnificent dark eyes. She takes tiny pieces of hair from the underneath layers, at the sides, and braids them; then she pulls the braids up and back, attaches them to her head, and combs the top layers of hair over them. (This trick is said to have been used also by Sarah Bernhardt.) The braids are pulled as tight as is humanly possible without being downright painful; even so, it’s hardly a comfortable arrangement. But perhaps the Vicomtesse, like many famous beauties, was brought up on the stern French adage, “Il faut souffrir . . .”.

*Shade-y
story*

Seeing the world through palely rose-tinted (or blue, green, mauve, champagne) glasses is what more and more women are doing, summer and winter, indoors and out. It’s a pleasantly softened, prettier world that they view, and often a prettier sight they present to those viewing them . . . for not only do tinted glasses camouflage fatigue, mask circles under eyes (any dark glasses will do that much); they also come in fantastically lightweight new plastic versions that leave the bridge of the nose unmarked, and a vast array of becoming new shapes that flatter the face in all sorts of agreeable ways. . . . On the sound theory that you can’t have too much of a good thing, many beauties now have whole wardrobes of the new tinted lightweights, in a pousse-café of pale colours. Mrs. Wyatt Emory Cooper (the painter, Gloria Vanderbilt) has the giant “butterfly” shades in every shade going—rose, blue, grey, beige, green, at last count. Butterflies are big with Mrs. Exeter types, too, because they can slide right over prescription glasses; being frameless, they add less weight than their aerial namesake. . . . Small wonder, then, that Bernard Kayman—the man behind the butterfly, and a flock of other new tinted-shade shapes—became, this year, the first designer in his field to win a coveted Neiman-Marcus Award. Mr. Kayman has also come up with tinted glasses shaped like flowers and leaves; sporty wrap-arounds laced with “rope” (really thin elastic) at the sides; tortoise-shell frames with switchable lenses in different colours—the wardrobe idea again. . . . His latest charmers are Lornettes, marvellous for far-sighted ladies who simply can’t zero in on small print—menus, price tags, theatre programs—without help. Lornettes are incredibly light, unrimmed plastic magnifiers—rather like a man’s evening tie in size and shape, with an easy-to-grip handle—and they come in sets of four. \$10 for the set, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.

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*oldmaine trotters
and
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Shown top: Empress. Left: Trapunta. Right: Royale. Bottom: Minerva. From \$17. Old Town Shoe Co., manufacturers of Pussyfoots, Division of Penobscot Shoe Co., Suite 4640, Prudential Center, Boston, Mass. 02199. Factories in Old Town and Bangor, Maine.

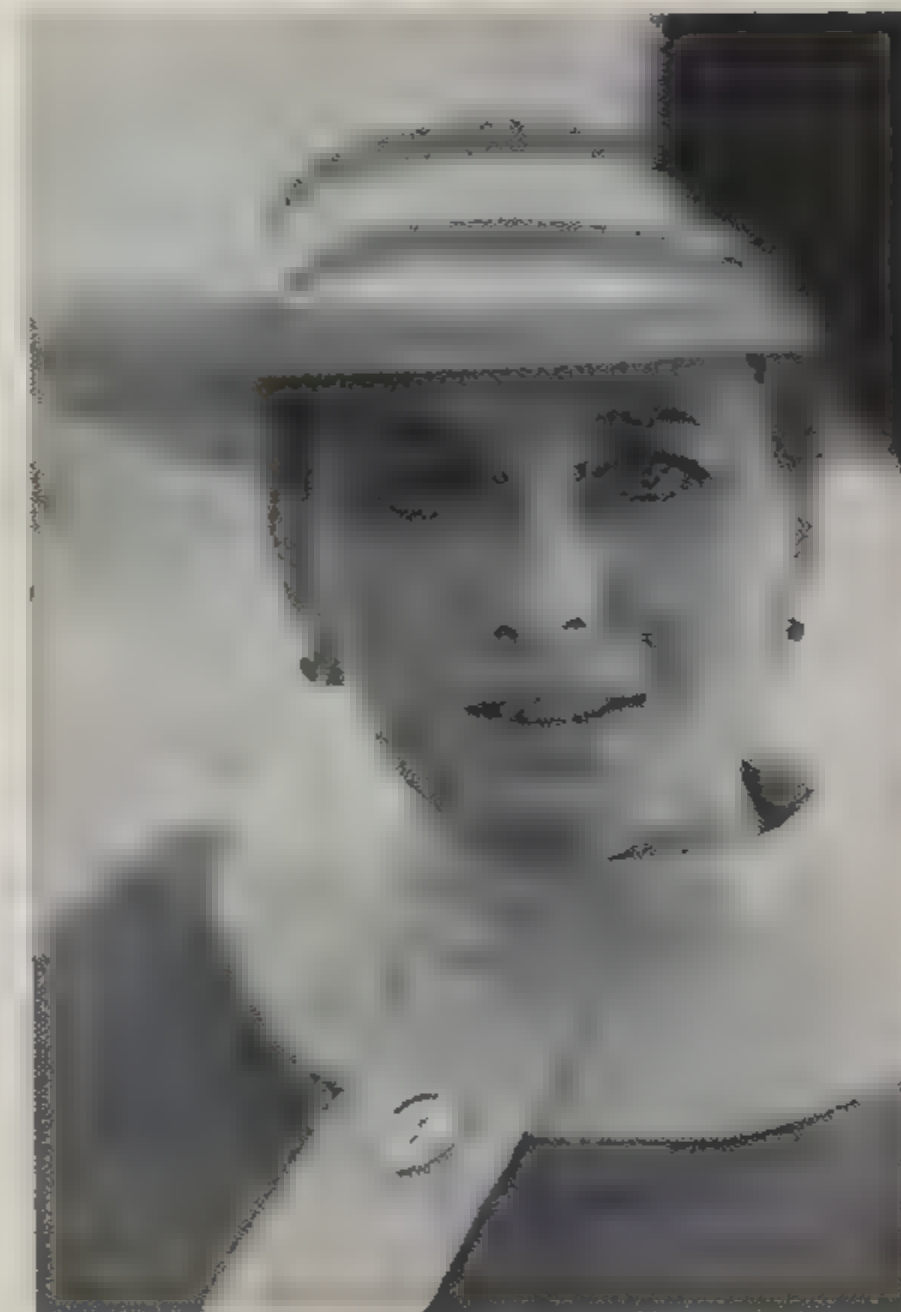
*A country wedding
drawing guests from all over Britain*



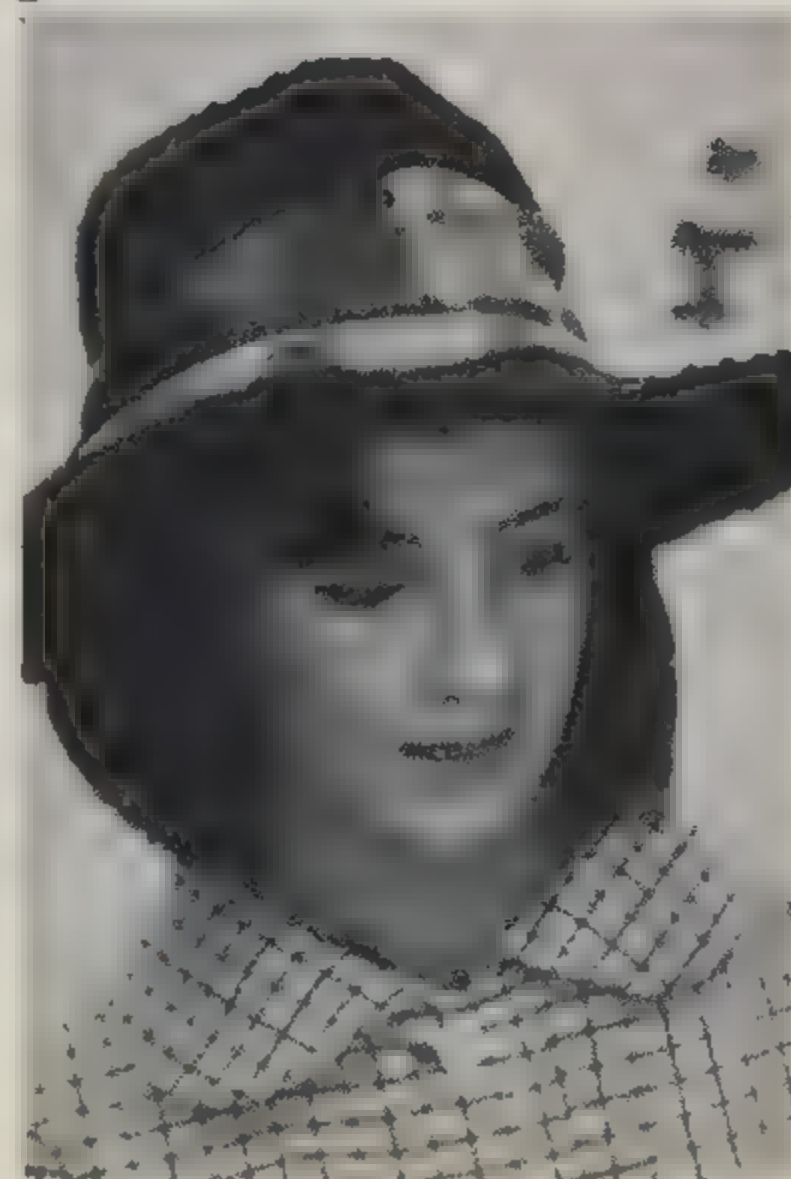
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The racing world, Members of Parliament, football fans—all came to the wedding of Miss Chloe d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, daughter of Major Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, when she married Mr. James Teacher, son of Brigadier and Mrs. Anthony Teacher, in a small Kentish church. That was the day the Football Cup Final competed in interest with the running of the Whitbread Gold Cup at Sandown Park and with the wed-

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NOTEBOOK



6



7

ding. Some nine hundred guests celebrated the marriage in a huge tent of daffodil-yellow silk with chandeliers swinging in the wind. For those racing nuts who could not bear to miss the Whitbread race—worth about \$17,856—three television sets were on at “Somerhill,” the cream-stone Jacobean house where Sir Henry, Conservative Member for Walsall South, lives with Lady d’Avigdor-Goldsmid. 1. The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. James Teacher. 2. Mrs. Alexander McEwen. 3. Mrs. Raymond Bonham Carter, Mr. David Pryce-Jones. 4. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. 5. Lady Keith. 6. Miss Patricia Rawlings. 7. Miss Janet Lyle. 8. Mrs. Greville Howard. 9. Lady d’Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. Greville Howard. 10. The bride before her wedding.



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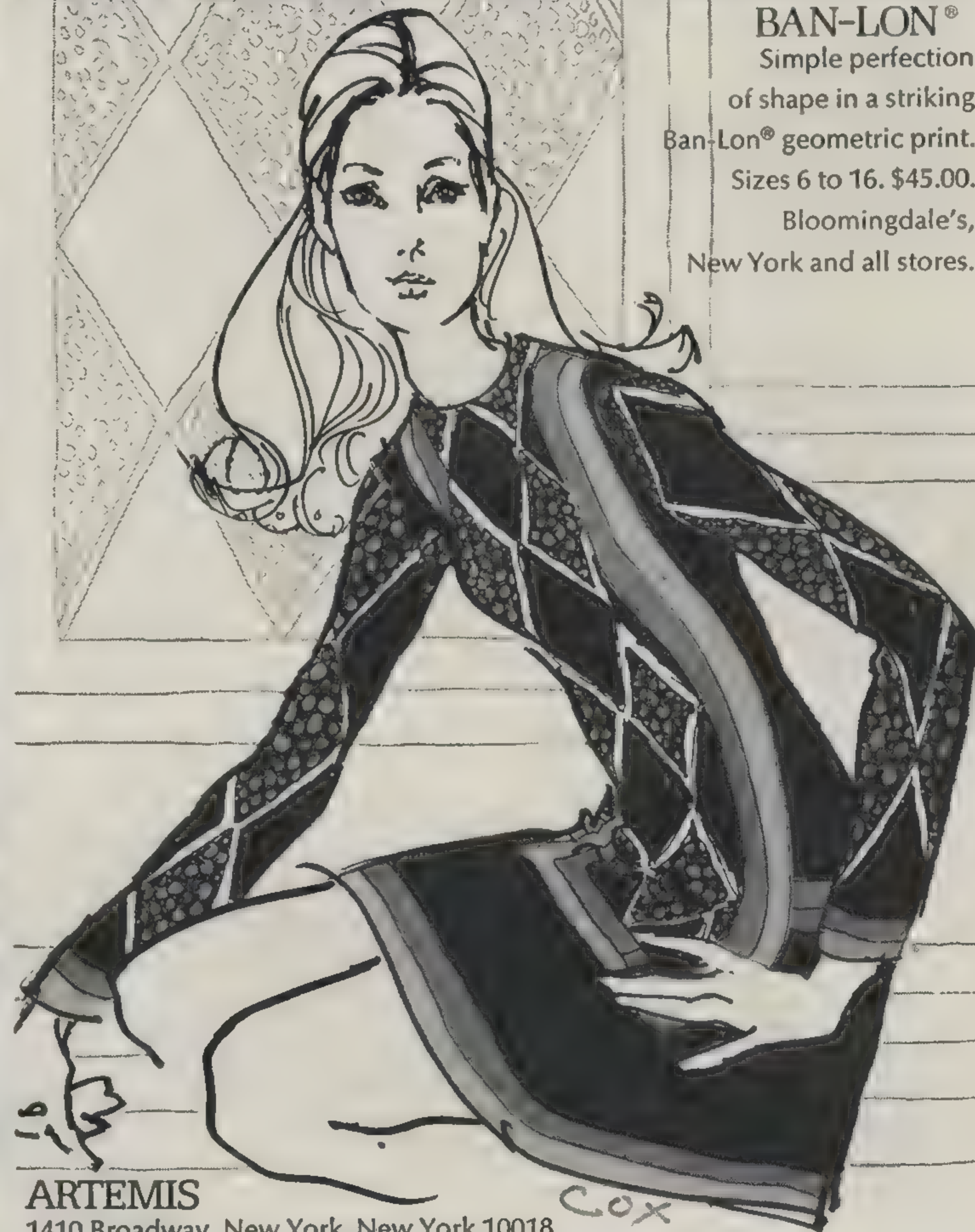
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY MARGOT HENTOFF

An Unfinished Woman—

A Memoir,

"bluntly candid"

In the present period of confessional literature when everything can be told; of the non-fiction novel, which finds it unnecessary to utilize traditional disguise; of the new journalism, which reports in depth on shallow people and insignificant events, this autobiographical memoir by Lillian Hellman is, happily, outside category. It seems, at times, to have been written almost reluctantly—as if, after the turbulent plays, after the decades of involvement in the life of the times, after the probing of motivation and meaning that always accompanies the examined life, Lillian Hellman did not really *want* to go over all that ground again, to explain herself or her times to those who did not already understand who she was, the way it was.

And yet, Lillian Hellman refuses to be wary of exposure. She does not easily tolerate that kind of weakness, or any other, in herself. Indeed, she is bluntly candid—flinging on the table hard, unornamented facts about herself, her family, love affairs, personal relationships, problems of work and character, defeats and disappointments. What reserve there is is expressed in her refusal to speak of her triumphs—as one of four foremost playwrights, there must have been many—or to make too much of her place in our continuing cultural history.

This memoir, published by Little, Brown, deals with the material of legend. Lillian Hellman was at the centre of much of what mattered for almost forty years: the New York literary world of the 'twenties; Hollywood and the Broadway theatre later; the intense political life of the Depression; Madrid and Valencia in 1937; Moscow and the Russian Front during the Second World War. And afterwards, she was a victim of the McCarthy madness of the 'fifties. There was not much she missed. Through it all she remained a figure of integrity and moral purpose, never trusting herself entirely, never claiming the legend as her own. She was always, to a degree, the outsider—watching herself, stubbornly questioning values and actions.

In a way, it is this non-celebratory view of the past that gives this memoir its extraordinary authenticity. Seen through Lillian Hellman's eyes, things and people become more real, less mythic—Hemingway, Dorothy Parker, Fitzgerald—more like the people we know today. The times she writes of were not so different from ours, after all. Her long concern with rebellion, liberation, corruption, power, and morality is ours. Life, even at the top, is still what it was then: often grey, day-to-day, and really not very glamorous at all. Some of the book's most moving sections are about her Southern childhood and about the thirty-year span of her tense and passionate liaison with Dashiell Hammett. And, near the end, a few lines about growing old.

Years ago, Lillian Hellman wrote in an introduction to a collection of her plays that the plays had been criticized for being too "well-made," too melodramatic. One could not say that of this book. Instead, it is a memoir rather like what a life is—there are empty spaces, dangling strands. Nothing is neat, nor perfect, nor happy-ended. The book, as Lillian Hellman said, is unfinished—but very much her own.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Television as Art, "inevitable"

One of the most problematic questions currently plaguing those who would imagine the unlikely union of art quality with mass culture is whether television, the mass form par excellence, might not be the medium in which such a fusion might occur. Two recent attempts by artists to use television as a visual medium made the issues clearer, although one was only partially successful and the other was an unqualified failure on all grounds, including those of taste, judgment, and intention.

The latter, an exhibition at the Howard Wise Gallery provocatively titled "TV as a Creative Medium," included the work of such well-known experimenters with new media as Nam June Paik as well as work by lesser-known artists. An apt finale to the 1969 art season, in that it represented the pinnacle of pretention and the nadir of achievement, the exhibition managed to illustrate every current art-world cliché from "process" art, which records changes that occur as the image or object is created, to the spurious concept of "spectator involvement," which seems a kind of sine qua non of current novelty art. Generally, the level of imagination in these works was so low that the tube was merely treated as a kind of animated easel picture—its spastic chiaroscuro and pointillist patterns a space-age surrogate for academic painting. The single exception, perhaps, was an elaborate multi-screen arrangement by Frank Gillette and Ira Schneider, in which the several viewing surfaces were treated as a single field, and related images carried the eye back and forth in a calculated, even if vaguely random, pattern. On the whole, however, the exhibition pandered to the lowest common denominators in mass taste: mindlessness, sensationalism, and, yes, even narcissism, since the audience seemed mainly delighted in recognizing its own images as recorded on the closed-circuit television screens.

Fortunately, this dismal group of works does not represent the full range of artists experimenting with television. Some interesting uses of television primarily as a visual medium are being made by a San Francisco foundation directed by Jim Newman, a former avant-garde gallery owner. In a move unprecedented for an art dealer, Newman transformed his ground-breaking Dilexi Gallery into a foundation mainly involved with multimedia projects intended to integrate art into society at large.

Many artists, of course, are agitating for the dissolution of the museum-gallery complex, which they feel is an anachronism that ought to be replaced by non-commercial, public-service ventures. Certainly, the Dilexi Foundation might serve as a model for future developments in this direction. I saw and was impressed by the pilot programs, which included a wide range of projects by such diverse talents as choreographer Ann Halprin, rock musician Frank Zappa, and world designer Buckminster Fuller. The real winner, however, was Terry Riley's stunning audio-visual colour presentation involving a complex coordination of images, controlled through a keyboard-like device with sound. Here was a genuinely new and inventive use of a mass medium, which might even make one optimistic about the possible, if tentative, future of "TV as a Creative Medium." It was an especially welcome example of daring and concrete results, given the current confusion caused by the dissolution of the traditional modern boundary between the academic and the avant-garde.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Jill Johnston, "convoluted"

When Jill Johnston, a dance critic for New York's *The Village Voice*, entered a hospital in 1965, she claimed to have had a number of visions. Among them was one of a command to relinquish the rôle of judge—a rôle she in fact assumed in 1959 when she began a *Voice* column, "Dance Journal," in which she attempted to find a new language for the description of dance. As it turned out, Miss Johnston, a wiry, intense, long-haired girl, did not so much invent a new vocabulary for dance criticism as discover and champion any number of new and unorthodox dance groups springing up then in the East and West Village. Her criticism, simple if not penetrating, conformed to the precepts of reportage-cum-personal opinion and did not necessarily break any language barriers.

Then, in 1965, came Jill Johnston's breakdown or, as she put it, her "breakthrough." An entirely new vocabulary seemed to flow from her, and her "Dance Journal" gave the word criticism an entirely new meaning. The most startling aspect of it was the total absence of dance as a subject matter. Her writing now centred on disjointed personal reminiscences, strange, convoluted verbal meanderings that changed in style and subject with as much speed as abruptness—a kind of stream of consciousness in which personal problems were revealed, agonies searingly dissected, joys minutely analyzed. What is more, names were unabashedly named and situations uncompromisingly described. More often than not, the rush of her words contrived to make of her prose something both impenetrable and acutely sensitive. Jill Johnston continually strived for certain quintessential truths.

These columns—often running for a number of pages—were in no way related to the "new journalism" attributed to such writers as Tom Wolfe, or Jimmy Breslin, or the *Voice*'s own Jack Newfield. They bore no relation to the overtly ego-oriented reportage practised by the incisive Norman Mailer. This was something different. It was—and is—a journalism drenched in instinctive, nervous, excruciating forms of introspection.

Of one thing Jill Johnston is certain: Criticism as we know it is a dead issue. She recently wrote, "I view criticism as an outmoded form of communication. . . . A critic has come to be an unpaid publicity agent."

In order to voice these opinions more openly, Jill Johnston recently organized a free panel discussion at the Loeb Student Center of New York University. The panel bore the title: "The Disintegration of a Critic: An Analysis of Jill Johnston." A full house heard, among others, such New York "underground" critics as John Perreault, David Bourdon, Gregory Battcock and Lil Picard, all of whom lovingly dissected Miss Johnston's style, her personal "madness," and her unbridled courage in bringing to criticism a Joycean freedom.

Singlehandedly, Jill Johnston seems indeed to have invented a new form of autobiographical criticism. Through her "Dance Journal" and through her panel discussions she has sparked an interest in altering criticism as a genre. Already, a discernible change has taken place in the writings of other young critics. Within a year, she will have two books published, one her autobiography, by Simon and Schuster, the other her collected "Dance Journals," by Dutton.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

The Process, "the petard is a dud"

As a rule, a want of personal recognition does not baffle my appreciation of fiction. I can be airborne with the Roc; I can be a cat about Mme. Verdurin's parties; Huck Finn's pap, Mrs. Ape, Grendel's mother, and Fu Manchu are as familiar to me as my next of kin. In the course of my reading life I have undergone childbed, shipwreck, public disgrace, kingship, popeship, exile, apoplexy, epilepsy, prostitution, or death. But it is not possible, although I wish it were, for me to accompany Brion Gysin on a protracted kif-trip in his novel, *The Process* (Doubleday). His vehicles are interesting and the fellow passengers, some of them, are fascinating, but I keep falling out on my head whether we are travelling at a snail's pace across the Sahara in a beat-up truck or flying over it in a 707.

The narrator of this tale, or the dreamer of this nightmare, or the projectile of this explosion is an American Black from Ithaca, New York, named Ulys O. Hanson, III, who wrote a book, *History of Slavery in Canada*; he is in North Africa on a grant from the Foundation for Fundamental Findings: The committee's selection of him was based on his proposed examination in Africa of the old slave trails. Sometimes the variations on these Black studies and foundation-grant jokes are funny and telling; often they are squalid and malign. Hanson, taken for a Moor (the O. of his name stands for Othello), sets forth on a journey across the Sahara with no baggage except a pouch of prime pot given him by a sly and engaging Moroccan scamp named Hamid; later Hanson will acquire a tape recorder on which he will take down kaleidoscopic monologues, some as marvellous as a concoction of Scheherazade, others unimaginably boring.

Gysin wrote, "This desert, my celebrated colleague, Ibn Khaldoun the Historian, has written, 'This desert is so long it can take a lifetime to go from one end to the other and a childhood to cross at its narrowest point.'" This is a prepossessing beginning: If Hanson has the erudition and the moxie to call brother the fourteenth-century author of *The Muqaddimah*, an introduction to the seven-part history, *Kitab al-Ibar* (The Book of Examples), then we have reason to look forward to a lesson and a treat. Our civilization is in a decline with as poor a prognosis as was Ibn Khaldoun's when he wrote in 1377; but, alas, we lose the historian after only a few miles of sand and, if he reappears, he does so in a disguise so complete as to be indistinguishable from the others in a crowd of priapic ambisexuals, Finnish quacks, Canadian redskin oil tycoons, hideous old women, magicians, Midwestern missionaries, Moslem wisenheimers, and all the other flotsam that people delirium.

The book can not be dismissed because Brion Gysin writes handsomely and wittily, he conveys sensation, and he is learned. He is a gifted man. If *The Process* is meant to be the log of a drug trip, then the trip goes on too long: There are so many wonders and abominations, so many mirages and so much sand that the sightseer is too glutted and exhausted to appreciate the terrain. The hallucination is, to be sure, a personal and idiosyncratic experience, but if it is to be used as fiction, it should be furnished with recognizable guideposts. However, it is possible that *The Process* is meant to be a pastiche of Ibn Khaldoun, but if it is, the petard of the heist is, from where I stand, a dud.

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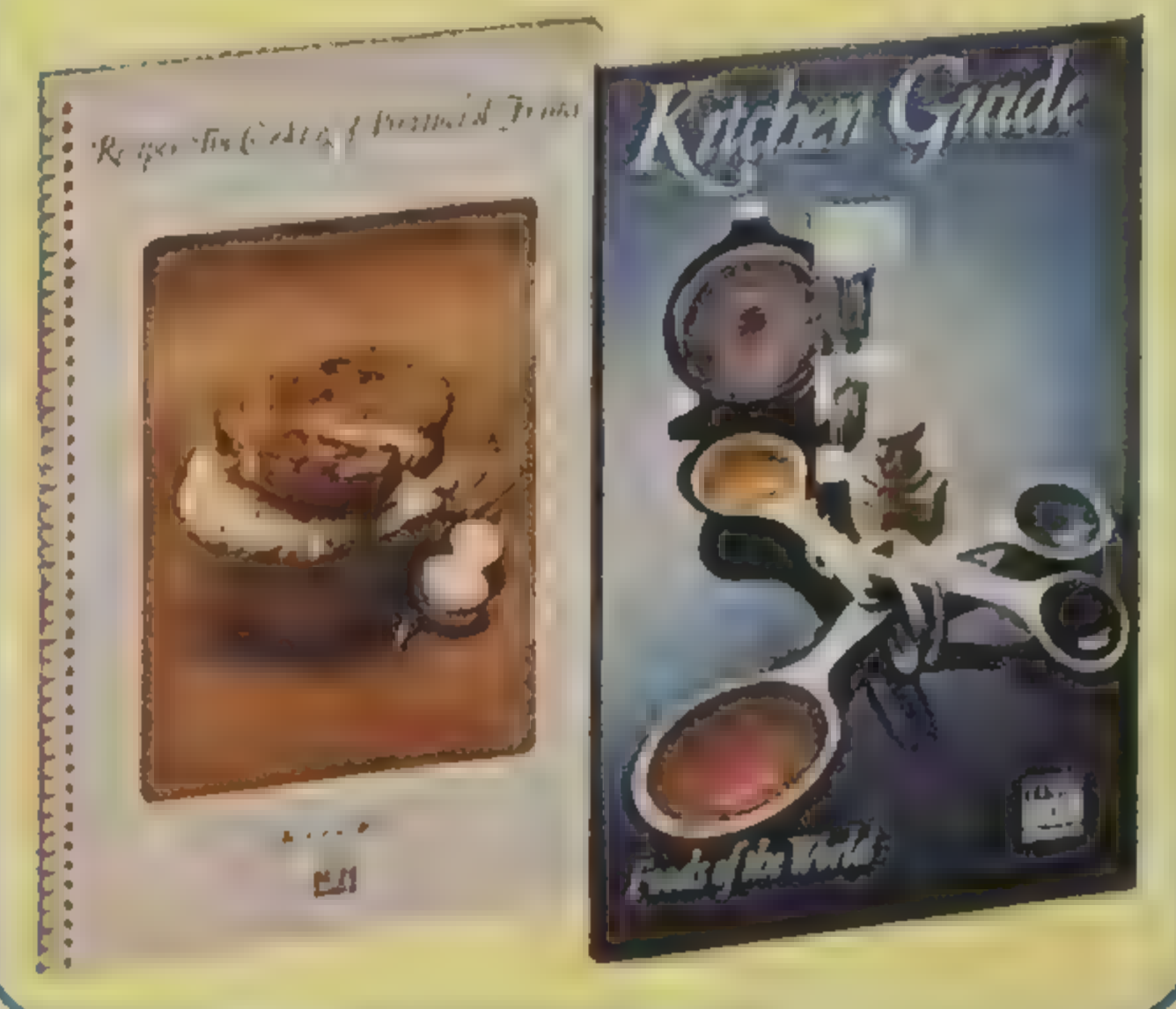


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

Last Summer, "beachy Eden"

Another sensitive exploration of turbulent adolescence, another smouldering farewell to illusions, virginity, and pimples? At times Frank Perry's *Last Summer* seems just that, but Perry avoided the usual platitudes of pubescence and has created a film close in spirit and approaching in quality such novels as Alberto Moravia's *Two Adolescents*, J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*.

Last Summer belongs to that genre that deals with the psychology of adolescence and with the analysis of adult society as seen through adolescent eyes. There are few adults in this film and the children's parents never appear—presumably, they are prolonging their own adolescence with party-going and bed-hopping, or they have died. In any case, the four teen-agers in *Last Summer* are left much to themselves to nurture their own loneliness during a summer vacation on Fire Island, New York. For all its thrusts at the hypocrisy of the upper-middle-class world, *Last Summer* is less concerned with the pathos of children deprived of nothing but love than with an attempt at defining adolescence, at relating something central in human experience.

Few films dealing with adolescence blend so delicately the comedy of sexual innocence with the more serious elements of love and violence. Perry can create a hilarious scene of two friends at a movie fondling a girl sandwiched between them with the determination of apprentice bakers kneading bread and later build scenes of simple eloquent wooing or of shocking cruelty.

Last Summer begins with the idyllic relationship of three innocent, neurotic fifteen-year-olds, two boys and a girl. With the introduction of a homely second girl into the trio, played by Cathy Burns, the fall from beachy Eden to a world more ambiguous and hostile is rapid. However rooted these adolescents are in the 'sixties ambience of rock and pot-smoking experiments, the film is most relevant in showing that in whatever avatar, child or adult, man is capable of extraordinary tenderness and devilry and that the impulses to caress and to throttle run on the same circuit. Perry presents this in a completely unpretentious way and, even if at times he dabbles with drugstore psychology and patent symbolism, the overwhelming sense is of his understatement and control.

As excellent as it is in part, *Last Summer* is sufficiently flawed to keep it from reaching major stature. The camera seems bogged down in the sand and the film has a stagy, indoor quality as if it had been shot in a studio. That the film is in colour is incidental, since the colour is not used to collaborate or to describe moods or actions. *Last Summer* is less *moving* picture than filmed drama: Perhaps that accounts for the excellence of the dialogue, which never sounds as if it were written by an adult trying to talk as he imagines adolescents do. At its weakest moments, however, the film is merely a vehicle for well-delivered set speeches too obviously designed and too psychologically obvious.

Much of the credit for the film's success must go to the four young actors whose virtuoso performances demand the film be seen. Barbara Hershey is unfalteringly good. She maintains, as do Bruce Davison and Richard Thomas, a consistent tension between animal wholesomeness and an underlying strain of cruelty. One of Perry's special accomplishments was to have made his actors chart the obscure regions of this psychological terrain.

It's hard to be alone without being lonely • To see unending silence • Hear nothing but wind sweeping over mossy, grey-green boulders • With only your thoughts to fill the emptiness • The people who make my clothes know what it's like •

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Johnny Cash, "something rude showing"

Thing about Johnny Cash is, you can't pin him down between margins, in quotes and metaphors, like nearly every other pop species. He defies classification by sound, scene, or sensibility. You can't call his music acid-placid. He doesn't come on with his fists clenched, either. You don't acquire his kind of chic see-and-sunning in the obscure Antilles. Even when he dresses the fop—in Edwardian waistcoat and ruffled shirts—there's always something rude showing. Like his neck or his expression.

It won't do to talk about Cash as down-home fascist country pie. Not with his "Ballad of Ira Hayes." Not with those best-selling albums recorded live behind bars (and not the kind that close on Sunday). He's into hymns, but they aren't excuses to knock the Supreme Court and bigcity sin. When Johnny Cash sings a hymn, you get this very solitary search for grace. And it's that same quality of struggle resolved, or deferred, or verging on agony that transforms just about everything he sings into what you feel when you're alone in a new room.

That's a kind of aloneness The Beatles never touch. It's something Bob Dylan is reaching for now, in the guise of simplicity. To Johnny Cash it's right out there, like a goddam scar.

Like, if he were French, you wouldn't catch him singing about Springtime on the Seine.

And it's unnerving to see that on summertime television, where you'd expect to find Mr. and Mrs. Young America and their Goodtime Freakout. Instead, on comes this big bulky warehouse of a guy, without a trace of the Whip 'n Chill mentality you need to make it as an M.C. in prime time. He isn't very quick on the comic draw. When he reads those cue cards, you know he's reading. His show is taped in Nashville. The sets look like old calendars, and his guests are a wilder assemblage than the Braniff ads. Start with someone homey and franchised, like Minnie Pearl; then add the darling of Laurel Canyon, Joni Mitchell; and end with a gap-toothed Cajun fiddler who insists on smiling.

And even Bob Dylan. An old acquaintance. Once, you thought Cash would come around to Dylan's vision, and maybe start singing about hard women and tooth decay. But it's Dylan who's come over instead. His latest album, *Nashville Skyline*, has a duet with Johnny Cash. They sing "Girl From the North Country," an early Dylan composition, and it's an eerie experience for any long-ago folkie, because here's that song you once thought exclusively yours, opened wide again by a low-slung easy voice, with Dylan just tagging along in there. Watching that duet on television is even weirder than hearing it, because Dylan seems to be following the sag in Cash's face and retracing the cracks in his voice.

The Opry audience gives Dylan a polite ovation. He is not exactly their cup of mountain dew. But then Johnny Cash pulls his guitar up hip high and gets into something low and mangy—like "I shot a man in Reno, just to see him die"—and the crowd goes wild. They *always* love that line down home.

It's hard to believe there's someone left around here who can plug me and the people of Nashville into the same socket. But if anyone can bring us together, it's Johnny Cash and not that other Man.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

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Diego de Alzaga and his fiancée, **Maria Ponti**, en route to their wedding in Geneva, on to the Orient, home to Buenos Aires, found in New York:

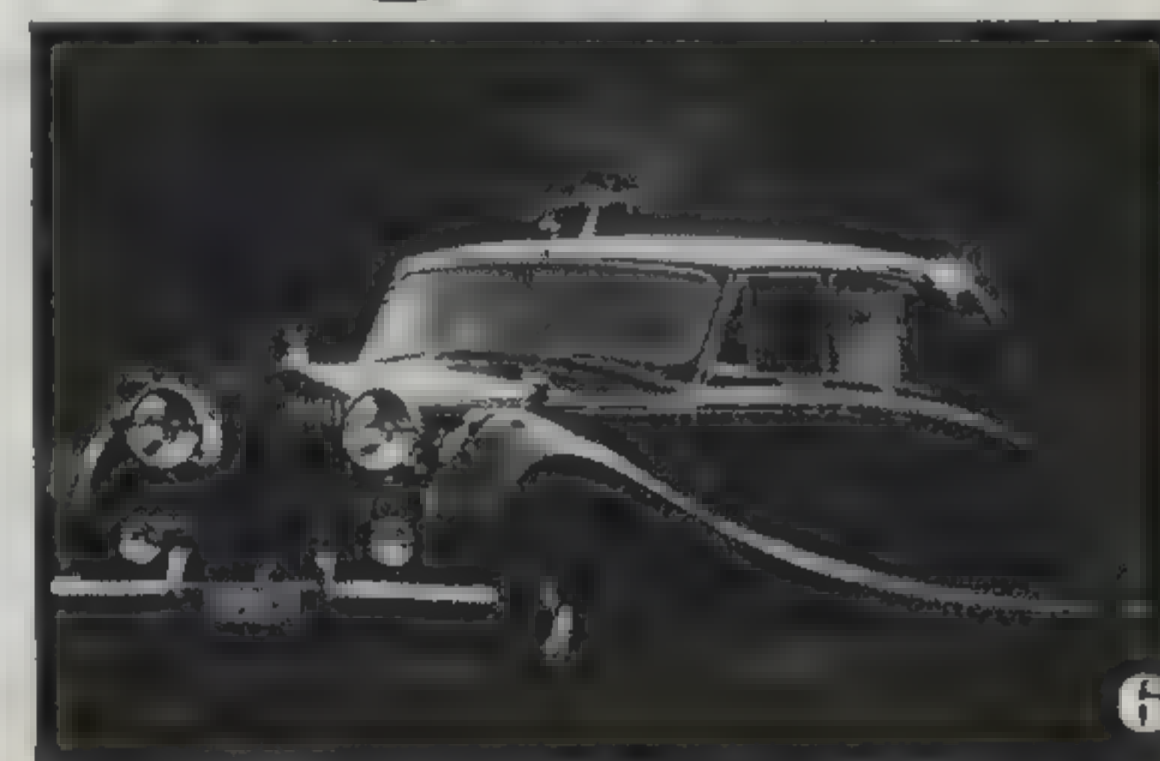
1. Creamy trousers, \$25; wool and silk sweater, \$40; black patent, silvery-buckled belt, \$15. She copied his costume, switching belts (for a wide Moroccan one, \$25). Madonna, 304 E. 53rd St. 2. Soft new driving shoe, \$25. Gucci,



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VOGUE's

EYE VIEW

The Goldie Rush

On the cover of this issue: on this page and in pages ahead; in the movies of *Cactus Flower* and *There's a Girl in My Soup*; on the TV *Laugh-In*—practically anywhere you happen to look these days, there she glows: giggly, gangly, pure-gold Goldie Hawn with her wonder-struck eyes and Christmas-morning smile. One of life's luvables.... Here, with a big floppy bow in her antic-hay hair, Goldie in velvet—black and short and covering and freckled with rhinestones. A little luv of a dress by Ceil Chapman, of Orceyre rayon velvet; about \$160. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer: Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Hyman Hender ribbon. Goldie's coiffure: Carrie White of Beverly Hills.



Raquel Welch in molten colours

Molten brown eyes, warm red-brown hair flickered with gold... a ripe-mango figure and marvellous legs...high cheekbones, small chin, a mouth richly curved and modelled. It all adds up to Raquel Welch, a high-voltage beauty, a powerful box-office draw. Her current movie is *100 Rifles*; coming soon, *Flare Up* and a cameo rôle in *The Magic Christian* with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.... Raquel, left, in a long, swinging jacket—a continuous molten glow of black-brown tortoise-shell paillettes, banded and sparkled with rhinestones...over pants and a sleeveless halter-neck tunic of cream-coloured wool jersey. By Geoffrey Beene, at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sandals by David Evans, to order at I. Miller. Coiffures on these ten pages by Ara Galant. Hairpieces by Bob Kelly.

THE B



THE
LAWSON



Swinge of fringe on molten black lace, left: Raquel Welch—who can forget her fiery dance on the bar in *Bedazzled*?—ready for more dancing in a short, shimmery dress of black-and-gold lace, the skirt falling in layers...with a long, swirling flip of fringe around the wrists and hem. By Bill Blass, of rayon, Lurex, and nylon (Emil Katz fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Body stocking by Danskin. Shoes by Palmroth of Finland. Bright mink stripes on bright-green mink, right: buttercup-yellow and white for the doubled fur muffler, bright jade-green for the short, sporty coat with a green suède collar and cuffs, a zipped front. Coat by Laurence Kaye, of dyed Emba mink. At I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Muffler, of dyed Emba mink, by Reiss & Fabrizio.





Raquel
Welch...
ablaze in
bright mink,
molten black
with fringe






Orangey-red chinchilla cape, far left—circular, wrappy, enormously full—a marvellous dramatic fling of the softest, deepest fur, in the most eye-stopping colour: rather like the sweet blood-red oranges of Morocco....By Reiss & Fabrizio, of Aurora dyed chinchilla. Tights by Phoenix. Shoes by David Evins. Yellow mink pea jacket, Argyll plaid muffler of mink, left—colours that would really make their eyes pop, back at the mink ranch....Coat, cut like a pea jacket, notch-collared, front-buttoned—a delicious little straight slide of vivid lemon-yellow fur. By Georges Kaplan; Saga mink from Scandinavia, dyed yellow. Muffler, extra-long, Eton-boyish, in never-before Argyll squares of red and blue—the fur doubled, bright on both sides. By Reiss & Fabrizio, of dyed mink.

Raquel
Welch...
Wbright furs
and the mink
Argyll muffler



A black and white photograph of Raquel Welch. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved fur coat with a wide collar and a long, striped muffer. A colorful floral garland is draped around the hem of the coat. She is also wearing dark, flared pants and a long-sleeved shirt. She is smiling and looking towards the camera.

Intense, vivid, flamboyant...the smouldering beauty of Raquel Welch, the smoulder of new bright-coloured furs...dyed in rich brilliances of red, blue, green, yellow, in pale, clean violets and pinks; worked with the most marvellous dash and artistry....
Bright-red mink plus bright-mink stripes, left—a delicious short mink coat that buttons down from a notched collar, wrapped in a long Eton-boy muffler of striped mink, the fur doubled, rolled.... Coat by Christian Dior Furs-New York, of dyed Emba mink. Nan Duskin; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Striped muffler by Reiss & Fabrizio, of dyed Emba mink. Hansen striped gloves. Fur in a new flowering, right—enchanted garland of multicoloured sealskin flowers, green leaves, set in like embroidery around the hem of a flared, sleeveless, cutaway jacket of Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal ...over flared black satin pants. An Emeric Partos design made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Long-sleeved black satin shirt by Adelaar. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Raquel
Welch...
bedazzled
in bright fur



Short black chiffon, right, spangled with golden and silvery thread. Raquel's kind of dress, or any woman's who adores dancing... long-sleeved, high-belted below the sheerest veil of bodice. By Philippe Tournaye for Mort Schrader, in silk and Mylar chiffon (Wahnetah fabric). About \$125 at Lord & Taylor; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; Stewart Dry Goods. Body stocking by Danskin. Molten gold and black brocade, far right—a sleeveless tunic dropped over a long-sleeved jumpsuit of black crêpe...the tunic hem bordered with a long, swaying fall of black fringe. By Adele Simpson; tunic in brocade of nylon, Lurex, rayon, and acetate, jumpsuit of Avisco acetate and rayon crêpe (Onondaga fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Harzfeld's. Scarf by Julian Knits. Both pages: shoes by Palmroth of Finland, at Bloomingdale's. The fragrance to surround it all—dark and mysterious as black, bright and glinting as gold—Adele Simpson's Collage.

Raquel
Welch...
in molten
black with a
sway of fringe







A realm of marvels unveiled at one magic glance, *left*—sorceress eyes flashing pure orange, clear and intense and fathomless as a tiger's in the night, penetrating further worlds through the second sight of a contact lens.... Worlds of colours and designs, *far left*, all moving, merging, shifting proportions... decorative shapes packed closely together... circles, bands, lozenges, and squares scaled down to mosaic size... clear colours softened... bold colours deepened... golden shimmer flatly Byzantine... chiffons, laces, lamés, flowing velvets, and gauzy silks giving a delicate fantasied air to the newest fabrics.... An enchanter's outlook inspired by the Art Nouveau canvases of Gustav Klimt, the turn-of-the-century Viennese painter, whose colliding patchwork geometries evoke gold Ravenna mosaics, Japanese woodcuts, Polish peasant designs.... Fabric details, on the next to last page of this issue.

Optic Nerve

OPPOSITE PAGE, PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST
THIS PAGE, PHOTOGRAPH BY KURT BERGSTROM





THE GREY HURRAY!

They're in like Flynn!—all the great greys from charcoal and silver and gunmetal to pearly and smoky and pink Quaker greys. Wonderful, wonderful colours to key up with bites of bright green or a marvellous blue . . . a clean white handkerchief at the neck . . . scarlet brogues with giant steel buckles. Flip-floppy grey hat, far left, pale as ashes, with a fresh violet scarf wrapped at the throat and just breezing around on a coatdress of Oxford-grey wool. (This, by Christian Dior-New York, shown full-length next page.) Ray Strauss scarf: Bloomingdale's. Lipstick: Christian Dior #74. Mr. John hat. The long grey line, left, in two-piece wool jersey with a loosely belted shirt-tunic extended past the hips . . . and shades of Isadora in a long, tones-of-grey chiffon scarf that winds and floats and trails on forever. Dress (about \$130), scarf, belt, and boots—all by Halston. At Bloomingdale's; Halle's, Cleveland; Marshall Field; Sakowitz. Bracelets by American Indian Arts Center and Hobé. Obrey watch: Bloomingdale's. Beautiful Bryans tights. Coiffures, these twelve pages, by Maury of Lewis and Hopson.





*F*RESH VIOLETS FOR THE GREY HURRAY

Once there was a little lamb,
far left, its fleece
was grey and shaggy....
And absolutely sensational
over a long belted weskit
and pants of grey-on-grey
wool check—especially
with a stream of violet
chiffon to light the grey,
and a white silk shirt and
aubergine leather boots.
Halston did it all—and
more: the Mongolian lamb
coat is reversible to soft,
smooth black leather—
a bit of all right worn
that way, too, with a
leather belt to snuggle
it in tight. Everything,
at Bloomingdale's;
Halle's, Cleveland;
Marshall Field; Sakowitz.
That great grey coatdress,
left—the one you caught
briefly a page ago—here
it is, fresh violet at the
throat, and perfection
from shirt collar and slim
sleeves... to the twin
pockets and set-in waist-
band... and panel-pleated
skirt... and neat, natty
outlines of stitching.
Christian Dior-New York;
Oxford-grey wool flannel.
Saks Fifth Avenue;
Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's;
Nordstrom Best.
Mr. John hat. Scarf by
Ray Strauss. Bracelets,
both pages, by Hobé
and American Indian Arts
Center. Hudson tights.

EVERY WHICH WAY IT'S A GREY HURRAY

Muffled in white (1) and flashing chrome—is that any way to run a grey worsted pants suit? You bet it is! Pants suit—with chrome-buttoned pockets and chrome-buckled belt—a woolmark turnout by Ernst Strauss, of Pacific Mills fabric; about \$185. At Lord & Taylor; Swanson's; J. W. Robinson. White silk scarf by Ray Strauss. Pale beige gloves: Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Halston purple velours hat. Herbert Levine boots.

Long-line layers of Argyle (2) in grey-and-white wool knit with a white silk shirt underneath. Every snapper-dapper stitch—the shirt (about \$55), the pullover (about \$36), the cardigan (about \$65), the pants (about \$55), and boots—by Halston. At Bloomingdale's; Halle's, Cleveland; Sakowitz. Canterbury rust suede belt.

Gold and glove-y (3) and great over grey—a super-long, super-soft sleeveless suede cardigan with grey-flannel bindings to match the belted tunic and pants under it. A woolmark turnout by Jacques Tiffeau, Dick & Goldschmidt fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Halston's gloves and cuffed-up mink hat. Carel boots for Halston. Silver links wrapped and wrapped at the wrist, by Nanna Ditzo for Georg Jensen.

What's shaggy as lamb (4) and sharp as a shirt? A furry grey shirtcoat, of course—pocketed, placketed, and shirt-cuffed in grey wool, just like the pants that race around with it. The coat (which comes with a belt) and pants, for Terina by Carol Antell. Malden shaggy fabric of acrylic and Verel. About \$120. At Best & Co. Halston pullover and boots. Gloves by Grandoe.

Swinging like a pale-grey bell (5) from narrow shoulders—the bias-cut wide coat in Melton cloth, muffled to the ears in a black Horatio Alger scarf of loosely knitted wool. Coat by Jay L. Sarnoff for Custom Couture, of Anglo Fabrics wool. Scarf by Doro. Georg Jensen bracelet. Silver-shimmered black stockings by Round-the-Clock. Nina shiny black shoes.

It wouldn't be fall without one (6)—a simple, belted, grey flannel shirtdress, full of sleeve and skirt. By Patrick Porter for Rona; Stevens Hockanum wool. About \$50. At Bonwit Teller. Ray Strauss scarf. Rope of fake pearls by Marvella. Schiaparelli grey tights.







THE

THE CHERRY HURRAY— GAUZE AND FEATHERS AT NIGHT

The veiled woman, left, haunting as dreams is a long, capacious shirtdress of smoke grey gauze with a rush at the waist and the sheerest grey veiling thrown on like mist over a large pale hat and a gaze of blond hair. Dress, by Oscar de La Renta. End of August at Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Mr. John hat. Bird girl, right, all fluffed and ruffled in tiers of fine feathers—ostrich, speckled like guinea hen, on the skirt of the prettiest little gauzy grey shirtdress with tucks all the way down the torso and butterfly ties at the wrists. By Milbó. About \$235. End of August at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Fabiola pin. Hanes tights. Shoes by Latinas. Maury coiffures.



LET'S HEAR IT FOR WHITE IN THE GREY HURRAY

Take a fresh white shirt,
right—a long, narrow
one that you can pull out
and belt like a jacket
over a charcoal-grey skirt
that's reeling
with pleats, and give it a
big send-off with a wonderful
crushy, plushy scarlet hat—
this is our idea of as sharp
and classic a look as any you
could pull together
this fall. Simply super. . . .
Cotton knit shirt, about \$22;
wool flannel skirt, about
\$40. Both, by Jaeger. At
Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's;
Julius Garfinckel;
I. Magnin. Rope of white
fake pearls, by Marvella.
Silver-disc chain belt, by
Nanna Ditzo for
Georg Jensen.
Velours hat, by Halston.
Hudson stockings
with Lurex stripes.
How's this for cosy, far
right—a long, bundly,
furry, shades-of-grey tunic
to plop over a white ribbed
turtleneck and white knit
pants—nice, yes? Sportwhirl
tunic of Verel and Dynel
(Borg Fabrics). About \$60.
(October 1 delivery.)
Wool knit sweater by
Geist & Geist. Both at
Best & Co. Tunic, also at
Jacobson's, Michigan;
Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.
Hat by Mr. John.
Bracelet by American
Indian Arts Center.

ALEXIS WALDECK





t

HE GREY JERSEY HURRAY

Keep those long lines coming, right—like the little long-sleeved grey worsted jersey dress that you wear as a tunic over easy, matching pants with a clean white shirt underneath. And the extended cardigan that elongates every line—this one's vinyl-coated cotton, but with a chamois-soft finish, and chamois-coloured. All the long lines are contained in Vogue Pattern 7529. The cardigan fabric, by Princess Fabrics. At Macy's. Nothing like it, far right—the look of a really smashy shirt and skirt. So: grey worsted jersey...a flap of pockets on the shirt...giant patch pockets on the pleated skirt which has one of those yokes that makes a skirt sit so well on the hips...and stitching all around. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7478. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7494. Belt by Elegant: Altman's. Hudson tights. Shoes by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard: Henri Bendel. Both pages: double-knit worsted jersey by Wyner; white shirt by Ship 'n Shore; choker by Marguerite Stix. Coiffures these twelve pages: Maury of Lewis and Hopson. Pattern details, page 142.

VOGUE PATTERN 7529



VOGUE PATTERN 7478
VOGUE PATTERN 7494



PRINCESS MARINA
WOLKONSKY...
AND CHRISTIAN HAY

FROM ITALY:
THE

BOTTEGA BEAT

Hot off the bottega beat, the
best of Italian ready-to-
wear... Princess Marina

Wolkonsky and Christian Hay, far left, boy and girl together
at the Terme di Caracalla in Rome. She's twenty-two, blond,
a fledgling actress, and mad about music. He's the French
actor, with new movies coming up one-two-three: *The*
Young Wolves, *The Couple*, *L'Amour*. Here, they're both
playing possum in a pair of great-looking brown
opossum long coats. Hers has a hat to match and
covers a brown crêpe-de-chine jumpsuit sparkled
with brown bugle beads; his opens on a brown
crêpe-de-chine tunic and dark-brown leather
pants. Coats and pants turnouts by Caumont.

Check-out turnout, this page: Marina
checks out the scene from the steps of
Rome's Santa Maria in Ara Coeli in
marvellous chenille-ish black-and-
grey checked pants, windowpane-
checked black-and-grey shirt,
and a long-thonged black
jersey weskit. All by Carla
Ferrero. The coiffures
by Alba e Francesca.



ON THE BOTTEGA BEAT



PRINCESS MARINA WOLKONSKY

ELIZABETTA CATALANO



PRINCESS
EDOUARD EGON
FÜRSTENBERG

KATIA MOGUY

Princess Marina Wolkonsky, left, in a wild, wild weskit that runs a long, long way in nubbly brown-and-beige bouclé knit with a little Cossack hat to match. She wears it on Rome's Isola Tiberina, belted over a beige wool knit pullover and cuffed pants to match. All by Missoni. At Eleganza: Millburn, New Jersey. Necklace: Diana Monili. Beige suède boots: Mortarotti. Lightning stripes, near right, streaking around Tricò's little navy-and-white knit tunic with sleeves spotted to match the matching spotted pants. The place: Terme di Caracalla in Rome. The girl: actress Katia Moguy, whose movies include *Don Juan in Sicily* and *Giovinezza, Giovinezza*. Evening in a Roman garden, top right: Princess Edouard Egon Fürstenberg wears her own design—a delicious long-sleeved evening dress of green jersey with a green-and-apricot scarf wrapped round and round the waist. Of Trevira jersey. Coiffures on both these pages, by Alba e Francesca.




FLORINDA
BOLKAN



CARLA
GRAVINA

ON THE
BOTTEGA
BEAT



Florinda Bolkan, this page and near left, is the delicious Brazilian-born actress starring in *One Night at Dinner*, a new movie that opens in New York this autumn....At right, in the Foro Romano, she's starring in a glorious, long white leather coat frothed with white Mongolian lamb, and a creamy jumpsuit with gilt-embroidered bodice and flou pleated pants. By Caumont. Still in the Foro Romano, near left, Florinda wears a gleamy golden-chain brassière with a black jersey weskit fringed with golden baubles, matching black pants—bare, beautiful. Turnout and jewellery by Laura Aponite. Coifs by Alba e Francesca. Carla Gravina, far left, currently in *Cuore di Mamma* and *The Lady*, has just finished a third movie, *The Invisible Woman*. Here—in front of giant bronze sculptures by Gio Pomodoro in the garden of Alessandro d'Urso—Carla in Galitzine's sleeveless black tunic held with a tasselled black patent belt over a sheer black organza shirt, black pants. At I. Magnin. Tasselled belt by Galitzine. Coiffure and makeup by Serge of Alexander, Rome.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The smidgen of pullout of American soldiers from Viet Nam. . . . The devices to get the United States involved in Viet Nam explained by C. L. Sulzberger in his absorbing but too long book *A Long Row of Candles: Memoirs and Diaries, 1934-1954*, in which he wrote down in Paris on April 24, 1954 that "France has asked for direct large-scale intervention in the Indochina war by United States aircraft manned by American crews. However, she has been told it is impossible for President Eisenhower to sanction such a grave move in peacetime."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the double-bill Pinter plays which consist of *Landscape* and *Silence*; in the former the cast of two don't converse but at least talk to each other with Peggy Ashcroft's reminiscing voice wandering warm and lonely as she spends an afternoon on a white beach beside a man who sounds progressively less and less like her husband; although *Silence* is not silent, Peter Hall in directing it has managed to orchestrate pauses until they rise into disquieting crescendo. . . . The local word replacing jetsetter: Eurodolly.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The album *To Love Somebody* sung by Nina Simone who sings with extraordinary zeal, producing a magnificent sound especially in "Suzanne," that Leonard Cohen song, done in a way that could be called calypso-gospel, and in "The Times They Are A-Changing," that early Bob Dylan song which she does in heavy gospel. . . . A shrewd but unlucky Italian in England who sued another man for enticing away the Italian's wife, legal under English law but which the judge disallowed with the ringing words: "This dirty dog shall get no dinner here."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The gossip pleasures of the book *Allen Ginsberg in America* by Jane Kramer who fortunately has ignored the rules of biography to write, instead, a series of sketches about Ginsberg and his friends everywhere in this country, including among her small touches this description of Michael McClure who sat in Ginsberg's San Francisco apartment one afternoon and crooned to his own accompaniment on an autoharp this song: "Come on, God, Buy Me a Mercedes-Benz." . . . Dr. Germaine Greer, a professor of English who believes that women have been conned by men, that women must free themselves and rescue themselves from men, that women student rebels are unresourceful and unwitty, and who finally has this slogan for women: "Don't Just Sit There, Get His Job."

ALI MacGRAW—INSTANT ANTI-STAR Very, very together, with her racy, swing-limbed architecture and her Made-in-America grit, grin, and gleam, Ali MacGraw, *right*, ignited a short fuse to fame playing a Philip Roth heroine in her first film, *Goodbye, Columbus*. "I don't see myself as one of Portnoy's women," said Ali MacGraw who, to one critic, seems to be cast more in the Fitzgerald mould, "playing some endless version of Gatsby's Daisy, whose voice had 'a singing compulsion, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things. . . .'" For Ali MacGraw excitement spansuled. Born in Pound Ridge, New York, she went to Wellesley College before working in New York as a fashion model and a photographer's assistant, taking acting lessons, and finally, at thirty, making it. "It's the whole charade . . . but I'm not a different person. I live on the West Side and I live quietly," she said. "I do weird things with embroidery and collages of junk while listening to Mozart and Donovan. I love books and would like to read everything Dostoyevsky ever wrote. I'm not ready for the theatre yet but I want to stay in New York and make more films." Her next rôle: that of a Radcliffe girl (again), the daughter of a taxi driver, in *Love Story*, to be filmed next month in Cambridge and New York. Now stormed by instant stardom, Ali MacGraw, anti-star, said: "I don't want my life to change . . . the movie business could blow your mind."





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.



1. John Entwistle, Roger Daltrey, Keith Moon, and Peter Townshend; they are The Who, whose rock cantata, a double record album, *Tommy*, has raised pop praise to a decibel count rivalling that of their ear-blasting music. Melodic, cohesive, relentlessly religious, with absorbing instrumental passages (overture, underture) and a burst of hit songs, *Tommy* celebrates "the quiet explosion of divinity," seriously extends rock's musical range. Onstage, The Who achieve total theatre: Townshend, lead guitarist and philosophic force behind *Tommy* (which he calls an opera), snarls, suffers, plays his guitar with baseball windups and ballet leaps. Daltrey, bare-chested, buckskinned, sings aggressively and tightens up suspense by Yo-Yo-ing his microphone. Moon, the drummer and ham actor, kicks over his drums or himself for comic relief. Finally, Entwistle, bass guitarist and counterweight, stands stolid, static, amused. He wrote the cruelties for *Tommy* when Townshend's high courage suddenly failed.

2. Dick Cavett, fresh seltzer in the glop of summer television with his Carson-copy show three evenings a week on ABC. A trig man, blond and keen as a golden retriever, he learned on daytime television to choose guests who speak right up and to let them speak. He listens with smart concern. Where Johnny Carson makes humour a big stick, Dick Cavett handles it like a Swiss Army knife. Serious, literate, he majored in English Literature for some of his time at Yale University, became a sit-down comic by writing for

other comics, still weapons himself with words. With his wife and dogs—Louie, the poodle, and (not shown here) Daphne, "a very expensive mutt"—he lives, when possible, a gladly private life by the sea. His future, like that of anyone big on the Box, hangs on ratings. "It's the only game in town," he said, glazing across the ocean, "but I don't *have* to play the only game."

3. "Romulus and Remus," the witty wire-and-wood sculpture made in 1928 by Alexander Calder, now at the Guggenheim Museum in New York in a summer exhibition until September 14. Drawn from the museum's collection and limited to sculpture and to drawings and other works on paper, the exhibition has a light hand, no scholarly plunge, but such sudden joys and startlings as Giacometti's 1947 sculpture, "Nose," and this delighting wire pair of boys with a nine-foot-long laughing wolf.

4. Glenna Forster Jones and Calvin Lockhart who play truth and fantasy in a stylized, subjective new film, *Leo the Last*. Director John Boorman had a street of crumbling London slum houses painted black and dressed his cast in monochrome to spotlight the colours of their skins and the symbolism of his theme: the revivification of an exhausted, overbred white European prince (Marcello Mastroianni) through his involvement with his strong, simple, violent Black neighbours.

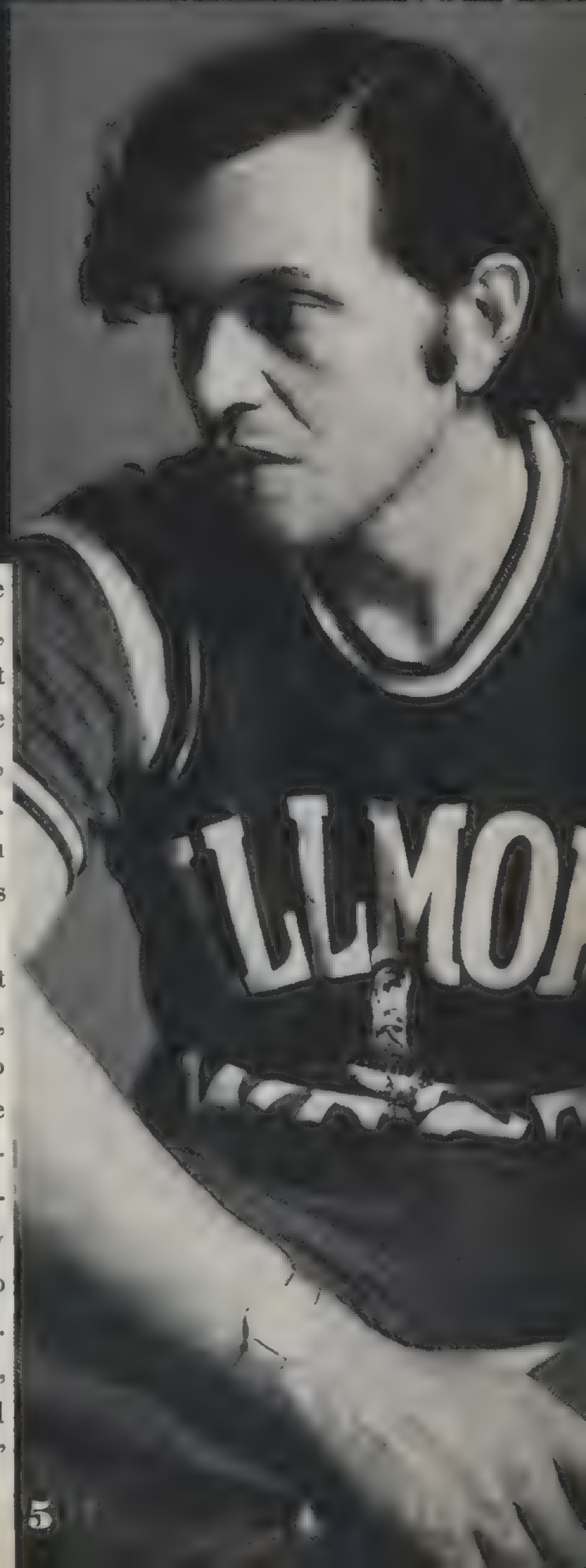
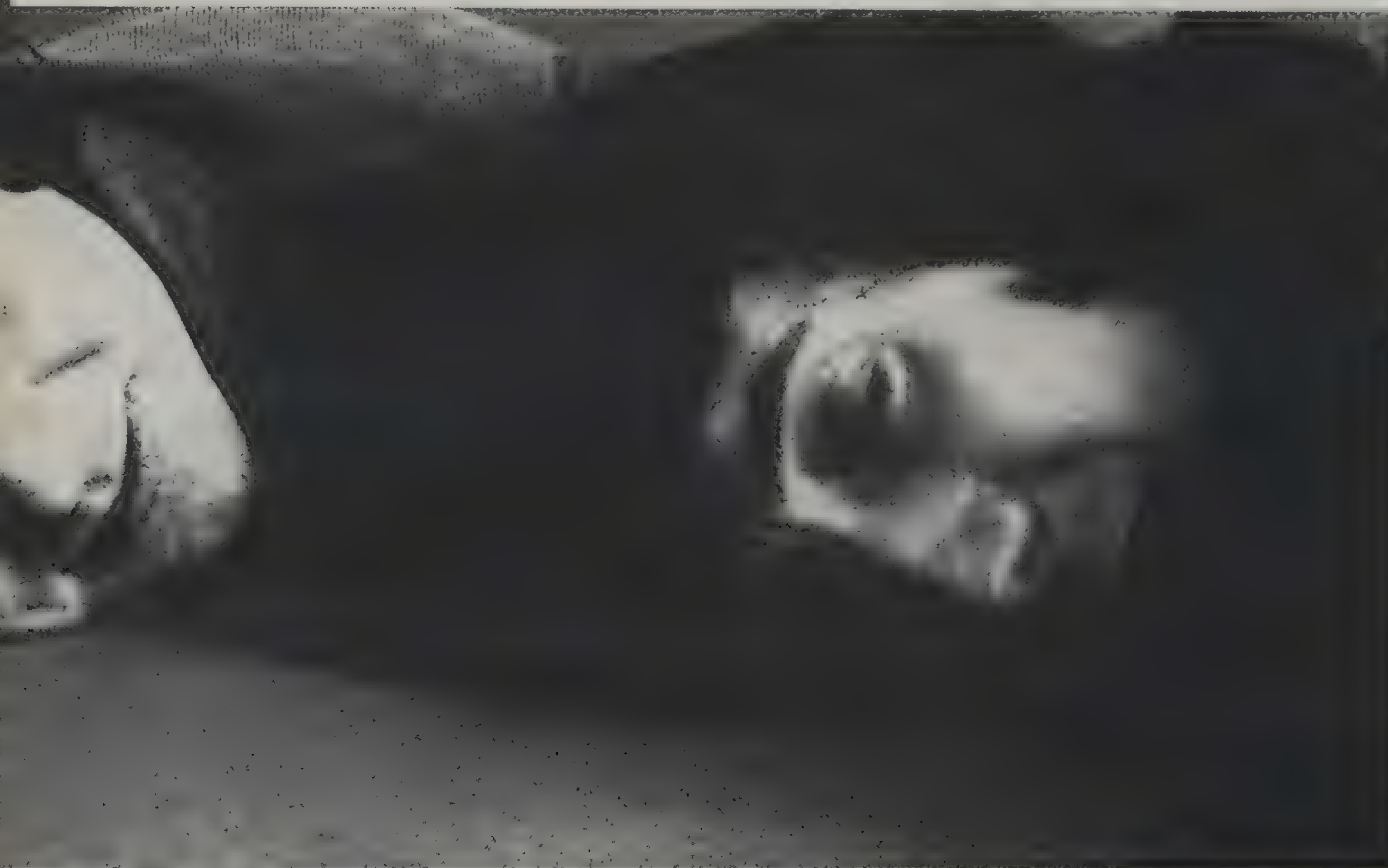
5. Bill Graham, the sinewy impresario who shook the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tanglewood season with performers from his two rock concert



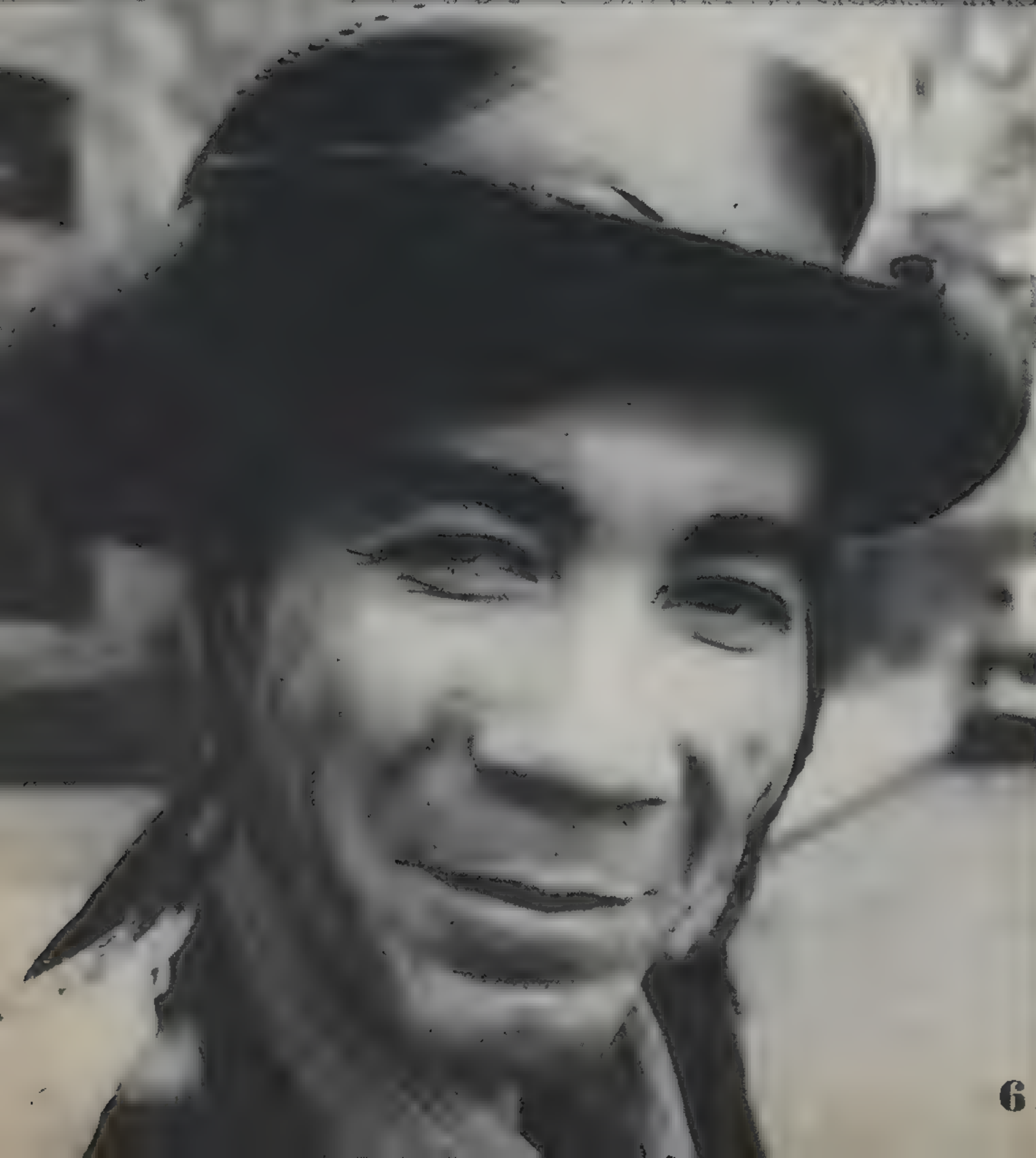
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4



5



halls, the Fillmores, East and West: The Who, B. B. King, The Jefferson Airplane, The Joshua Light Show. A man of potent anger, objective calm, Graham has opaque pale-brown eyes that see challenges clearly, a vast sensual mouth that seldom shuts up. A San Francisco rock singer said, "You always see Bill Graham with a broom in his hand; he's a real proprietor."

6. Charles Gordone, a playwright who uses ethnic in-jokes, stock characters, and hilarious stage business as Muzak to lull smiling audiences while he drills close to the nerve in his moralistic Black uncomedy, *No Place To Be Somebody*. Gordone is a flamboyant, limber body—partly Irish, French, Negro, and Indian—who plays himself, offstage, with great skill. Wary, snatching laughter out of grim life, he puts racial struggles in perspective: "All the links in the chain are not the same size."

6

ON THESE PAGES, PHOTOGRAPHS BY: JACK ROBINSON; THOM LAFFERTY; JULIAN LLOYD; O. VERNON MATISSE; HARRY BENSON

SHOOT FOR THE MOON MAILER



AN INTERVIEW WITH NORMAN MAILER ON THE LITERARY LIFE AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

BY LETICIA KENT

In his tenth book, *The Armies of the Night*, Norman Mailer described himself as “warrior, presumptive general, ex-political candidate, embattled aging enfant terrible of the literary world, wise father of six children, radical intellectual, existential philosopher, hard-working author, champion of obscenity, husband of four battling sweet wives, amiable bar drinker, and much exaggerated street fighter, party giver, hostess insulter,” and so on. Thus far he is also a film maker and winner of a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize, both this year for *The Armies of the Night*.

Last May, Mailer entered New York City’s Democratic mayoral primary, running on a platform of giving statehood to the city and power (self-determination) to its neighbourhoods. It was, said *The New York Times*, which at the beginning looked upon Mailer’s candidacy as something of a joke, “the first time the fundamental reorganization of a great American political entity had been made the central theme of a campaign for major office.”

On the twenty-second day of the campaign, I visited Mailer in his own neighbourhood and found him eating breakfast on the top floor of his Brooklyn Heights house. As he ate, he scanned the spectacular view of New York Harbor, Lower Manhattan, and the East River. Competing with the view and partially obscuring it was an enormous, zany, colourful model of a visionary city he once built with Lego blocks. Sitting there in dungarees, Mailer looked rough, like an ordinary seaman—maybe a wiper. But the peremptory rat-a-tat-tats of his voice-within-a-voice (like hard candy with a soft centre) were obviously the wiper’s captain’s. So were his ex-

quisite manners. After a while I asked him these questions:

Kent (Dealing in generalities): Politics seems to run all through your works. But how does running for office fit into your life scheme?

MAILER (Averting his eyes, his blue eyes): To be brutal about it, I guess a guy who wrote about sex all his life would finally have to have sexual intercourse. (Laughs at the reporter’s expense.) This is the proof that I’m a politician because it’s the remark every politician makes: I finally began to feel it was my *duty* to get into politics. There’s no substitute for it. If you have certain ideas, you have to embody them. It’s the only thing that people trust. You can write books for people for two hundred years and you can’t move that stone, that boulder around the corner. Because it’s easier to write a book than to express the book through your actions. And people never trust anything that’s easy when there’s something that should be done that’s harder.

Kent: Then do you think that books are ineffectual?

MAILER: No, I think they do a lot of good. They prepare ground. But finally you have to till the ground. To use another metaphor: Books fertilize the earth; they are not the garden. They’re not the end of the effort, they’re only the beginning. No Utopia will ever come into existence because a number of great books have been written.

Kent: But Utopia is not what you’re after, is it?

MAILER (Amending it): Oh no, I’m not after Utopia. That is, my idea of utopia is a carnival or a marketplace or a groovy library or knowing that Las Vegas is in Coney Island, even if I (Continued on next page)

Norman Mailer, in full speaking trim, opposite.

Above, Lego City, a construction of blocks that he built in his Brooklyn apartment.



MAILER

notions, are philosophical notions. You know, they have marrow and strength to them. One can disagree

don't go there. Not a model city. I mean, you can't even get a sense of liveliness in a city by having great books or even good books written. Finally, people have to go out and create that liveliness.

Kent: Why do you particularly want to be mayor of New York?

MAILER: New York contains a magnitude of all the ills of America. So if we can change it from a city that has these ills into one that has begun to solve them, then the entire country will follow us.

Kent: Doesn't campaigning tend to corrupt your literary style?

MAILER: For the first few days, I kept bleating piteously, "Oh, my style, my style!" But I really don't like the literary world in which I've been one way or another for all my life. I think it's a terribly spoiled and complacent world. I'm not really fond of literary people. There's much too much of the hothouse about us all. When you've got a world that's disintegrating around you, if you're a *man* and you're leading a life that is self-protected to a degree, you really can't feel too agreeable about yourself. So I got over bleating about the loss of my style in a few days. God willing, I'll get it back.

Kent: Has campaigning revealed things about the city that you couldn't learn in any other way?

MAILER: Yes, that the people in this city are better than I thought they were. They're livelier, smarter, stronger, funnier, and more decent.

Kent (Aside): It seems an expensive and time-consuming education.

MAILER (Soliloquizing): Another thing I've learned is that there is extraordinary potential in politics with a really vigorous, simple, attractive idea. You know, people love ideas in politics. Politics, if you will, is the philosophy of the poor and of the disenfranchised. Every man, I believe, is his own philosopher. And politics offers the possibility of thinking philosophically, whether one's aware of it or not. One of the things that's so hideous about liberal-technological ideology is that it takes the philosophy out of politics. One's obliged to think as a mechanic rather than a philosopher, a mechanic working with a dull, unwieldy machine that has a tremendous terminology and very little grace. There's one thing to be said for conservatism, *real* conservatism—not the military-industrial complex and let's-bomb-the-hell-out-of-Communist-China, but the kind of conservatism that believes finally that society is founded upon certain deep prejudices and principles which derive from the Lord. It is that every man has his appointed place, and judgment is in Heaven, so that, if you are rich, you may conceivably have to suffer, pay more for that fact than the poor pay, so that being poor may be a state of grace. These are all conservative

with them, but then one's engaged in a profound philosophical argument which, indeed, at its best, is the argument between Left and Right. Because the Left says in answer: "That's not true. Devils run the world. God is not in His appointed place." There's a *theological* argument at bottom between Left and Right. It's one I find profound and fascinating. I mean, I live with it all the time in my own mind.

What I'm getting at is that politics is interesting when you're dealing with philosophy—implicitly—when your arguments always open ethical and even metaphysical questions.

Kent: You once wrote a column suggesting that the Democrats draft Ernest Hemingway for President and you said: "The glimmer of hope on all our murky horizons is that civilization may be coming to the point where we will return to voting for individual men (or individual women) rather than for political ideas."

MAILER (Forbearingly): I don't agree with that anymore. I think you have a happy politics when the man and the idea are wed and people are attracted to both. If the idea is good and the man's no good, that's not good. If you have a man and there's not really an idea, that's President Eisenhower. Sometimes you have neither a man nor an idea, that's President Nixon. Of course, I preferred him to Humphrey for a simple reason, which is Humphrey was a weak man with a dead idea. And I thought that was even worse. The best thing that can be said about the absence of a man or an idea is that the country then begins to reveal its true lineaments. It does it just as a hideous piece of architecture, a hideous piece of dull, flat, modern office building reveals the internal anatomy of a ten-million-dollar bill. So at least we know where we're at with Nixon. I mean, Nixon is our objective correlative, which Humphrey wouldn't have been.

Kent: Does anything about the conventional politician impress you?

MAILER (Expansively): His stamina. I've got stamina and it's the thing in myself I'm proudest of. I don't like myself when I run out of stamina. Campaigning is *hard* work. You work twelve to sixteen hours a day, seven days a week.

Kent: At one time you called yourself a Marxist-anarchist.

MAILER (A trifle impatiently): Well, now I'm a left-conservative, I'd say, and that means on the one hand, I'm a man on the left; on the other hand, I believe in certain conservative principles. The main conservative principle that I believe in is that man must solve his problems through his own agency, that his problems can not be solved from without and above. From Bolshevism right down to the liberals, there's that long line of arrogant, smug, complacent belief (he feigns pomposity): This-correct-program-must-

Norman Mailer and his gang on the roller coaster (he is happy in front).

Mailer (far right) given a winner's red rose by his wife, Beverly, the night he lost the New York primary.



be-indoctrinated-into-the-people. When-the-people-perceive-the-wisdom-of-their-leaders, they-will-begin-to-work-toward-a-better-society. And this, I think, is just absolute nonsense. Old Russian radicals say it's *kvatch*, k-v-a-t-c-h (Laughs). The answer is that a good society, by which I mean a society that doesn't kill you any more than it creates you, resides in the coactivity of our potentialities. But these potentialities are not to be determined from without, not to be determined by intellectuals, not to be determined even by wise men. They're to be delivered. You know, great and good government consists of placing the fewest impediments in the way of people developing themselves. So in all these ways I say I'm a conservative.

But I feel that we inherit a world situation which the conservatives did as much as anyone to bugger for two hundred years. For conservatism depends upon a moderation of greed. If there's excess in human greed, then you have an evil society. We've had just that for two centuries. So I think even before we can begin to attack our problems that way, we've also got to attack one fundamental problem, which is that the poor don't have a bloody chance the way things are today and that we've got to find ways to fund them, ways different from, say, the scandalous welfare programs of the liberals. **Kent:** You were once asked, "If you were forced to do something other than writing to earn your living, what would you choose?" You replied, "One of a hundred different things. Just so long as I didn't do any of them for the rest of my life."

MAILER (More angry than forbearing): I don't want to run on my record. I'm not running on my record. Let's forget everything I ever wrote because some of it supports what I'm doing now and some of it doesn't. Life goes around corners, particularly modern life which is so abrupt and discontinuous. It's part of the disease of modern times that a man can't start plowing a furrow and take it up over hills and dales and at the end of his life have it said: "He plowed a straight furrow." Nobody alive can do that anymore. There are not only rocks in the fields, there are mines in the fields. Sometimes you get exploded into another direction. And on top of that, the field is disappearing.

Kent (Firmly): I'm looking for the thread. Nearly everyone is saying you're not a serious politician. But I think there is a thread that runs through.

MAILER (Holds his temper): Oh sure, there's a thread, but what I mean is that I'm not sure we can find it quickly or even that it's worth finding. It's a narcissistic activity to explore one's own threads.

Kent (Intrigued): But much of your writing has been narcissistic. Has politics made you less so?

MAILER (In a gruff voice): Yeah, yeah, I'd say so. Finally it makes you modest. And maybe one reason I'm in politics is that I'm tired of myself that way. I'm tired of myself as my own laboratory. After all, I've been in that laboratory for twenty years now.

(Continued on page 139)








Starting off with a bang-up plaid—eight pages of easy-going, good-looking clothes that are going to town in a big, big way this fall.... Gad-about plaid, far left: the nonstop pants turnout in crisp black-and-white wool plaid—a well-cut jacket tabbed and belted in black leather over neat tailored pants; revved up with a sheer black shirt, long black crêpe tie. By Charles Cooper. About \$250. At Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shirt by Lady Arrow. Tie by Doro. Belt by Roger Van S. Black gauntlets by Lanolav. Phelps shoulder bag. Socks by Lady Exeter. The wide coat, this page—the coat that's really taking off this year—beige chevron wool cut small on top, wide from the armholes out, going full swing at the hem. Small curved collar, curved pockets, golden buttons. By Stanley Nelson, of Agnona fabric. At Sara Fredericks; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Bag by Hunting World. Prestige tights. Bandolinos shoes. Both wigs by Suga.

Good looks going
to town for fall





d Lay looks going to town

A lamb of a coat, left: creamy, dreamy broadtail, flat and shiny as moire, and just the ticket to town this year—going along close to the body and closed to the side. Belted, with flapped pockets, mucho dash. Neustadter Furs by Galanos, of cream-dyed Indian broadtail lamb. At Lord & Taylor; Duplers, Denver; I. Magnin. White silk scarf by Vera. Rings by Sant' Angelo for Whiting & Davis. Grey tights by Bonnie Doon. Black nailhead-studded shoes by Jerry Edouard, at Henri Bendel.

The bathrobe-coat plus pants, top left: soft brown mohair-and-wool fleece coat wrapped and tied like a little boy's bathrobe over supple jersey pants to match. By Georgia Bullock, of Anglo Fabrics fleece. \$215. Best & Co. Alice Stuart shirt. Knize scarf. Gloves, Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb.

The muffled dress, this page, in orangepeel-brown-and-white lightweight wool tweed—fringe-scarfed top and swingy skirt...very little, very easy, very good for towning around this fall. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture. About \$200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's; Frederick & Nelson. Echo chiffon scarf. Sant' Angelo rings. Prestige tights. Nina brogues. Suga wigs.



Look what's going to town today

Pick a town, any town, near left: here's a great little coat-and-dress turnout for getting there, staying there—lightly shaped black coat double-faced with black-grey-and-white plaid to match the pleated skirt of a belted dress with a black top. By Helga; Agnona wool. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; Bullock's-Wilshire. Scarf by Far Eastern. Sheffield watch. Viola Weinberger gloves. Ruza Creations bag. Prestige tights. Bandolinos shoes. Long-line tweed, far left: peppy little salt-and-peppery dress that's long-sleeved, low-waisted above an easy pleated skirt; with a big, black, pussycat bow at the neck. By Bert Geiger for Campioni, of Berroco wool. About \$185. At Bonwit Teller. Adolfo black velvet hat. Pakula rings. Wide-striped tights by Lady Exeter. Layers adding up to one good turnout, right: the cape's round and rolling in brown wool double-faced with purple, tied up with a long print scarf and worn over a long belted purple shirt-tunic and matching pants...nice. By Irene; Garigue wool. Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Foley's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Odyssey scarf. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Coiffures by Suga.





Black
goes to town
for evening



Fringed black silk, far left: a slithery, sleeveless black dress with a hem of fringe that starts at the knee, pours past the ankle—wrapped with a madly fringed matching shawl. By Jean Louis, of Lesur silk. At Evelyn Byrnes; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Hanes tights. Ruffled black velvet, near left: a yummy little jumpsuit of black velvet with ruffles rimming the deep V-neck, more ruffles at the ankles, all those ruffles edged with diamanté sparkle. By Estévez for Neal; Crompton rayon velvet. Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Bramson; J.W. Robinson. Covered black crêpe, right: a slender evening dress with high collar and long sleeves like a mediaeval tunic, slit to the waist on the sides over black crêpe pants appliquéd with a few golden flowers...all held low on the waist with a beautiful jewel-crusted belt. By Richard Tam; Avisco rayon-and-acetate crêpe (Onondaga fabric). Sara Fredericks; Rich's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Stanley Hagler ring. Black evening slippers, both pages, by David Evins, made to order at I. Miller. Bernard Abrams pompons, at right. Suga coiffures.

A mine of
shine in the

Goldie Rush

Fizz, snap, crackle—it's Goldie Hawn!—the most delicious cashew in the *Laugh-In* mix. Suddenly, everything she touches turns to Goldie—a new movie career launched by *Cactus Flower*, a new husband, and a new house with a scramble of cats and dogs, and wild strawberries growing right up to the door. Tall and very slender with big marble-green eyes, she walks with a light determined step, one foot in front of the other in a lovely sexy way.... She shines.

Swing little number, left: airy black chiffon showered by diamanté light on the smocked yoke, with long transparent sleeves, a black satin tie. Jay Kobrin for Maisonette, of silk chiffon (Stern & Stern fabric). About \$185. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Butterfly pin by K. J. L. Black butterfly-patterned tights by Berkshire.

A crush on Goldie, right: the tiniest hugger-snugger shirt-dress in delicious, gleamy, brown crushed velvet—short, buttoned, and held low on the waist. By Weber Originals, of rayon (Wimpfheimer fabric). About \$40. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Bullock's-Wilshire. Mimi di N chokers. Actionwear glittery tights of Monsanto Blue Cnylon by Round-the-Clock.

More scarf than dress, below right: zillions of white polka dots on purple silk with a swish of white fringe at the ends...pulling together the tiniest skirt and shirt of shiny purple crêpe. Joel Schumacher for Paraphernalia, scarf added, in Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric). Junior sizes; \$45. Goldie Hawn's coiffures by Carrie White of Beverly Hills. Hairpieces by Goldilocks.



PLAY IT AGAIN...

The dating game.

Who got the encores and who might be about to...

Here: a little black book of beauty dates that took—because the beauty makers involved have what it takes to get asked out again and again. They always say yes to any reasonable request. . . . Unforgettable bath dates start early with the *House of Yardley* (1770) which not only made lavender a household word, but delivered English women from the chore of churning up soap at home. . . . Bath oils are as old as the pyramids, but when Prince Georges Matchabelli stirred together in 1932 a richly-scented amalgam of oils, herbs, orange, and flowers and named it *Abano* (means bath in Southern Russia), he made a princely contribution to American bathing habits. American women remember, keep using his oils like crazy. . . . Deodorant's a word heard more and more in the land. The government heard it, too, and gave its blessing (1948) to *Dial*, a singularly effective deodorant soap. So many people are dialing Dial that it long ago slipped from the novelty into the can't-run-a-bathroom-without-it category. . . . *Vitabath Gelée* arrived on these shores (1957) after a distinguished career in European spas where it's still known as Badedas—German for "Bathe this." It's a bubble bath, a soapless cleanser, deodorant, stimulator, relaxer; horse chestnuts are part of its construction. An intriguing combination of qualities that keeps demand foaming. . . . *Revlon*, the company responsible for some of the most dazzling colour happenings in the beauty world, has a product with no colour at all that women refuse to live without—*Eterna '27'*. In the middle 50's, Revlon's attention was caught by European research on the use of certain steroids when applied to skin. This led them to attempt a skin product that would incorporate a (Continued on next page)

encore, encore,
said the face to the masque . . .

"Do you know what you're doing to me?" inquired the face, far right, of the blushing masque on its left. "Yes," said the masque. "Putting you in the pink for the sheerest of makeups." Never-before masque flows on warm, dries to a cool plastic skin garment, peels off in one piece (near right), leaves skin taut and purged for see-through makeups. Eyes buffed with Gardenia Beige shadow, creased with Willow Gray, boned with Dahlia Blue, spiked by Gypsy Lash. Mouth polished with Raspberry Cordial lipstick, fortified by Protective Lip Gloss. . . . To whom should the encores be addressed? Directly to Zsa Zsa Ltd., a new galaxy of good-doers whose plans for total beauty are far from Ltd. The magic complexion and special verve of the Gabor named Zsa Zsa are the core of the plot which includes a graduate course in overall skin treatment; Zig Zag, a frighteningly mischievous fragrance; and Formula Z Evening Creme, a secret weapon Zsa Zsa brought with her from Hungary. . . . Zsa Zsa will be playing it again—loud and clear. . . . Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.







PLAY IT AGAIN

steroid without any hormonal quality; a substance that produced visible local effects and absolutely no systemic ones. Compound found, they incorporated it in a night cream (1961)—voilà Eterna '27.' This delicately-textured cream contains Progenitin, Revlon's name for pregnenolone acetate, which is seemingly the catalyst for detectable skin improvement—and, therefore, for Eterna's seemingly eternal battalion of unswerving devotees. . . . Consider the women's names in the little black book. *Helena Rubinstein* marketed her first beauty-aid, *Crème Valaze*, in Australia (1888). It was a meld of herbs, almonds, and evergreen bark that she brought there from Poland, and used herself all of her long life. It was later renamed *Skin Clearing Cream*, and more recently *Wake-Up Cream* because of its rousing morning complexion work, and thousands of women have kept faithful to it through every change of moniker. . . . Like *Helena Rubinstein*, *Elizabeth Arden* conjures up legions of aficionadas in just about every beauty category. Very Ardent are devotees of *Eight Hour Cream*, a "beauty emergency" balm that's been said to mend overnight any superficial abrasion—hangnails, sore toes, and brittle hair included. A woman in Miss Arden's California salon named it (1929). She'd used it on her son after a bruising fall, found it took him exactly eight hours to heal. . . . Although *Estée Lauder* has every manner of cosmetic glory to her credit, *Youth-Dew* (1951) is a prime encore-enticer. Name started with a wrinkle-battling night cream, *Estoderme Youth-Dew*. Fragrance developed its larky young character in a bath oil that launched a new kind of body cosmetic: all-over skin perfume. . . . Today's vogue for super scrubbing is well served by *Cleansing Grains*, a friction method of cleansing with small granules introduced in 1927 by *Dorothy Gray*. . . . Hardy as clothes by *Gabrielle Chanel* are, her elegant perfume *Chanel No. 5* (1921) has already proven more so. From a group of experimental fragrances, Mlle. Chanel picked the bottle numbered "5" as the perfect translation of her perfume philosophy. "Five has always been my lucky number," she said then. A fascinating assortment of women keep deciding it's theirs, too. . . . We've latched onto a choice bit about certain astronauts: they use *Flowing Velvet*, the very same moisturizing lotion that the aviatrix, *Jacqueline Cochran*, worked up in 1937 to combat the drying effects of flying at high altitudes. Before that, lubrication had generally been more greasy than easy. Since then, through thick and thin, *Flowing Velvet* courses on with ever-new (Continued on page 28)

Bravo, bravo, said her eyes to Penelope Tree when she opened them wide with colour

What'll you have in the line of eye-opening entertainment? Scarlet and/or emerald, as on one eye, opposite? Or amethyst and/or heliotrope, as on other? . . . These are the eyes of Penelope Tree, a girl among whose theories is: as eyes get older, they get smaller. Now that she's reached the doddering age of nineteen, she's experimenting with her own eye enlargement via outrageously radiant eye lining that reaches out toward hairline and up into eyebrows. We don't exactly expect to see her on the street next week with all four colours as here. But maybe in just one of them? Her wherewithal: 1. Artist's palette of clean, clear water colours. 2. Sable painter's brush to wash on the colour. 3. On eyebrows, pressed-powder and eye lustre to veil them to the extent that they almost get lost. . . . The opening is a success. Play it again, Penelope. . . .



THE EYE

QUICK YOUTH—FACE LIFTS FOR

Eyes are the talebearers of the face—complete giveaways when it comes to showing how a person really feels. Instinctively, we look into a stranger's eyes to see who lives inside. . . . Eyes have been called the windows of the soul—and they are windows over which the blinds can not be drawn, unless the eyes themselves are hidden behind dark glasses, veiling, a hatbrim. Fear or anger, joy or triumph, boredom or fatigue, show first in the eyes; the hopeless—or hopeful—love that can be smoothly dissembled elsewhere in the face shines forth from them. . . . Eyes have always fascinated lovers, poets—and doctors; for they're as inept at concealing illness as at faking emotion. Eyes are honest to a fault—and therefore, endlessly interesting. . . .

In fashion, the 1960's have been the Decade of the Eye. Eyes are adorned and glorified as never before—fringed with ferny lashes, tinted with bosky shadows, defined and dramatized with pencils and liners. . . . Of all fashion eras, this is the one that demands of you eyes that are fresh, wide, framed in smoothness.

All of which helps to explain why surgery above and/or below the eyes—the medical name is blepharoplasty, the popular name is “the eye job”—is the fastest-growing operation in the field of plastic surgery. Another reason is that the operation itself is simple—and dramatically successful in changing a face with minimal pain or risk. As people have become better informed about plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes, they've become less self-conscious about it. They've begun to think in terms of *Why not me?*—so that this whole field is exploding, from nose bobs to acne scar abrasion to total face lifts. In the case of the eye-smoothing operation, it's not only the woman in her middle years—the classic candidate for cosmetic surgery—whom doctors see: men, and younger women, are coming for eye jobs too. Why is this? we asked our plastic surgeon informants.

Men, it appears, come for a variety of reasons—many wholly unconnected with vanity. This is the era of the youth revolution in almost every field; a look of youth, fitness, and freshness is important in business, and it's doubly so in politics, where a man must appear constantly in public and on television. “The eyelid operation is getting to be more frequent for men,” said one plastic surgeon. . . . “Men who are perfectly stable and men of great accomplishment are the ones who come for surgery. Not especially introspective people, they're men who are meeting with boards

and groups of men all the time and simply have developed a self-consciousness of the more-than-average aging of the tissues around the eye.”

Young women come for eye-smoothing surgery because the familiar “bags under the eyes” may be an inherited family characteristic that has nothing to do with aging—or with dissipation or late nights. Quite young people, even adolescents, may suffer from them. . . . In other cases, a young woman beginning a career as a model or an actress may find that slight bulges under her eyes, never noticeable in ordinary lighting, suddenly leap into prominence under stage or studio lights. Surgery for her becomes a professional necessity.

Since, for these young women, it's not a matter of aging or loose skin causing the disfigurement, what does make these bags? In fact they are little hernias: pads of fat which escape the girdle of muscle surrounding the eye. These little fatty hernias can also appear above the eye, creating puffiness and sometimes discomfort—but they're not likely to be as noticeable or as troublesome to young people as the under-eye bags. In later years, when the skin loosens in the normal course of aging—whether there are hernias or not—the upper eyelid can become as much of a problem as the lower eye area, to the point where vision may even be impaired. Either way, the problem can easily be corrected by the same simple surgery which is so effective on under-eye bulges.

What is the surgical procedure? The incisions are delicate lines made by the surgeon just below the lower lashes, and/or in the hollow where the eyeball curves inward to meet the outward curve of bone in the occipital cavity. In the case of the younger patient with smooth skin, he simply removes the pocket of fat and sews the skin back in place; with an older patient whose skin is sagging, he “takes a tuck” by removing a section of skin, so the puffiness and looseness are eliminated at the same time. (See drawings at right.)

What about scars? One plastic surgeon answers the question this way: “The healing of the tissues of the eyelids is such that scars almost never occur. It is, in fact, sometimes impossible even with a hand lens to tell that surgery on the eyelid has ever been done.”

We think of facial aging as a general, overall process requiring total lifting surgery if it's to be helped at all; until one sees the difference the under-eye or over-eye surgery can make, one doesn't realize how much of the problem has been concentrated around the eyes. Medical before-



JOB

EYES ONLY

and-after photographs look like something out of science fiction—the film is being run backward, the face is getting younger. . . . A distinguished New York plastic surgeon told us: “If I had my way, I’d have anyone who is considering a face lift come in for eyes first, and then come back in a few years for the total lift. Having the eyes, alone, done can make an enormous difference.”

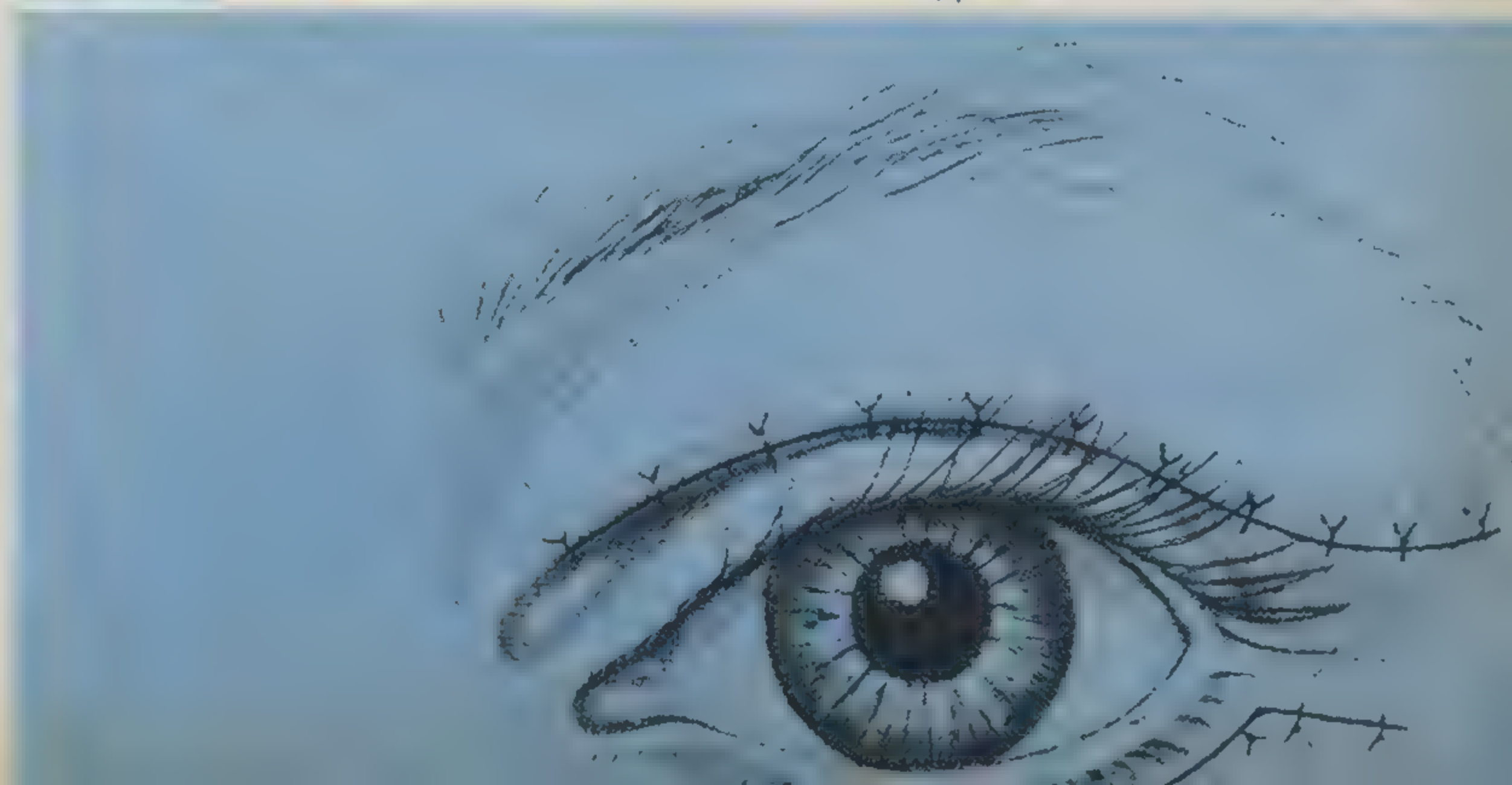
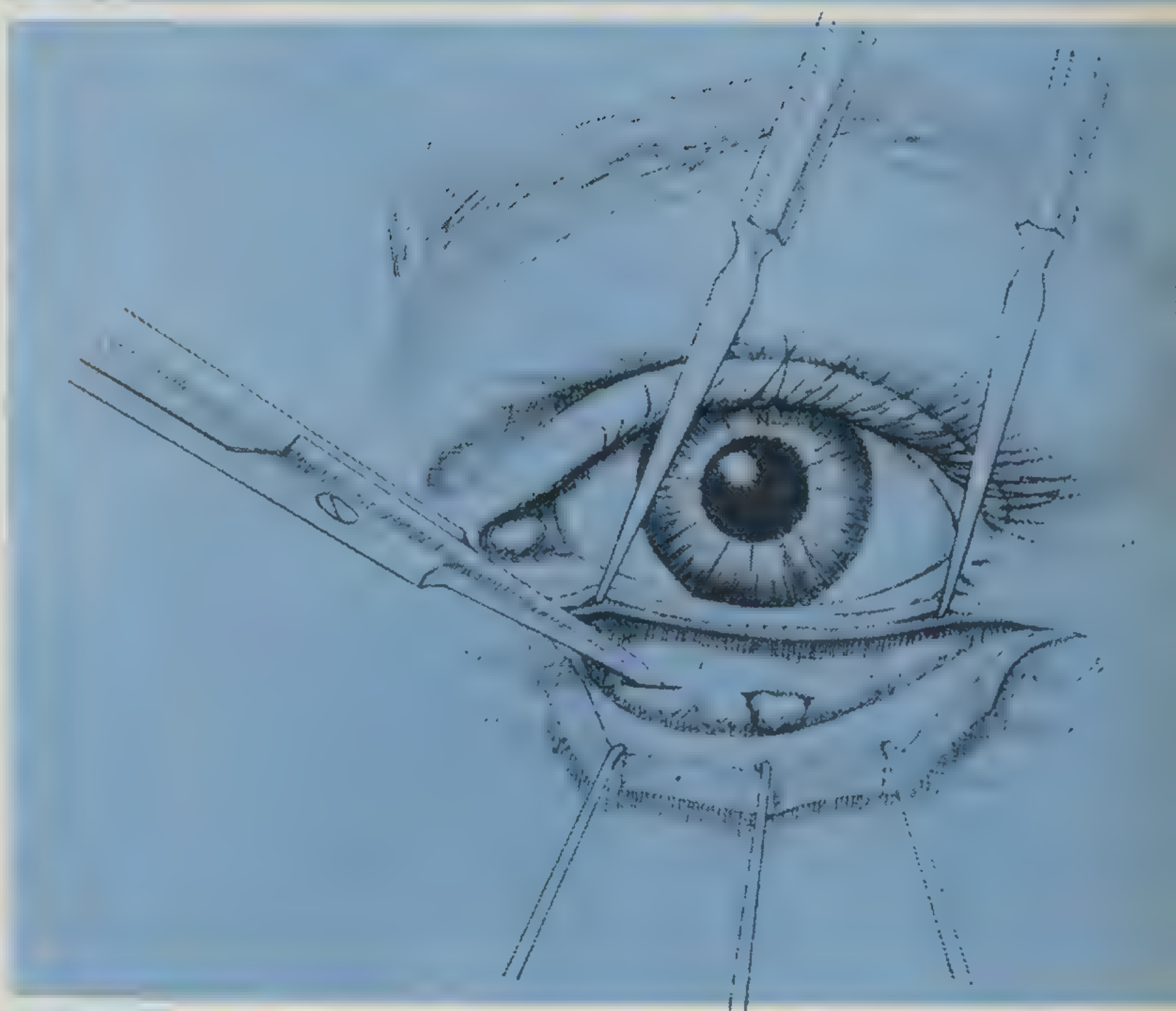
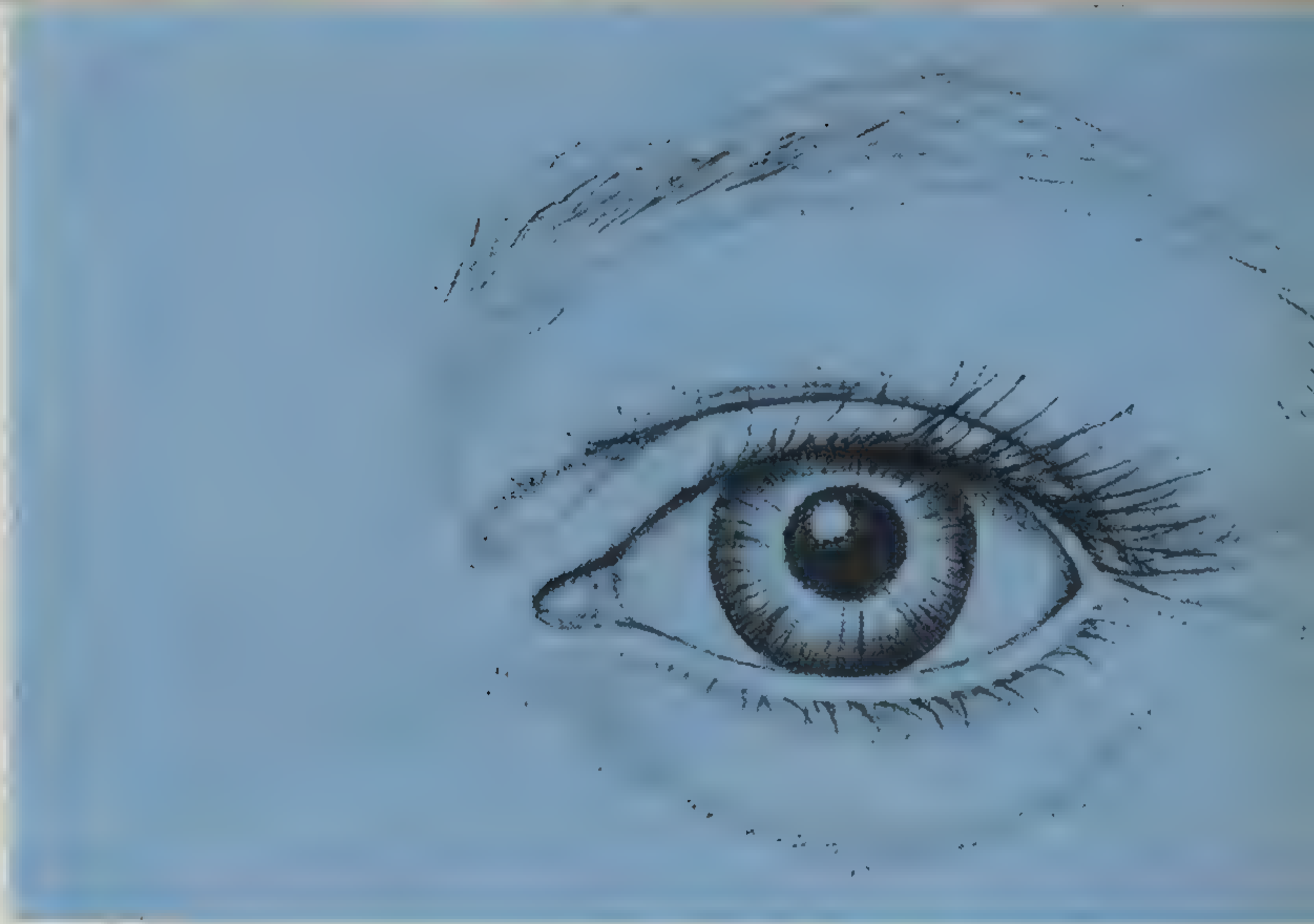
What does the patient have to go through to achieve this miracle?

The operation is a simple one which could be performed under local anaesthesia in a doctor’s office. However, responsible surgeons usually prefer to do it in a hospital under general anaesthesia—for the same reasons that make it generally better to have any surgery done in a hospital. The physical and laboratory checks performed by hospitals on all surgical patients may reveal conditions which would make surgery contraindicated at this time. There is almost no risk involved in the operation itself—but all surgery involves some risk, and both patient and doctor are best served by having the hospital team at hand. General anaesthesia is usually the patient’s own choice; having incisions made around one’s eyes, no matter how skillfully it’s being done, is just plain scary.

The operation itself is brief—one plastic surgeon estimates twenty minutes per eyelid, roughly an hour to an hour-and-a-half on the table. Most patients go into the hospital the night before surgery and leave the following day, when they’ve recovered from the anaesthetic.

How long does healing take? Like any other recovery, this depends on the individual body; but in general, the patient will feel well enough to go out on errands, wearing dark glasses, in two or three days—though her appearance won’t yet be up to a dinner party. In ten days she can wear full makeup, including eye-liner and fake lashes, so she can cover remaining bruising to a large extent. One doctor tells his patients to expect discoloration to last three to four weeks—while a former patient says, “Six weeks is more like it, before you real- (Continued on page 140)

From a surgeon’s notebook: The same pair of eyes—top left, top right—before and after the “eye job”—slightly over a month after, in fact. Eyes themselves are unchanged, untouched; but puffy areas above and below them have been tightened, smoothed. In another 3 to 6 months, remaining puffiness will disappear, scars become almost invisible. Drawings at right show three stages in the short, simple operation.



T HE FOOT. HE LEG. HE BODY. RISE

TO NEW FASHION HEIGHTS

Onward, upward...the life-style of feet and legs. Boots to the hipbone. Tights from toe to neck, to wrists. Higher heels. Thicker, thicker soles to extend the leg. Everything longer, stretching to all requirements. Eight pages of news, here — rising, extending, elongating....

Three-colour boot, right: Burgundy suede with brown uprising at the front, higher stacked heel. Side strips of black elastic. Body stocking of red leopard spots that snaps together — and apart — at the waist. Boots by Charles Jourdan; about \$46. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Actionwear body stocking by Hudson-Chadbourn, of Monsanto Blue C nylon; about \$20. At Bonwit Teller; Strawbridge & Clothier; Joseph Magnin. Suede kabuki coat of soft brown by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills; \$185 at Lord & Taylor. Coiffure, by François of Kenneth.

Boots patched up and up, opposite: Suede of many colours reaching to the hipbone, rising from a lifted heel.

Zippered at the calves, again at the waist. By Herbert Levine. To order: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.

JODPHUR BOOT. HIGHER HEEL...
SPOTTY TIGHTS TO THE NECK

HIPBONE BOOT.
PATCHWORK SUEDE





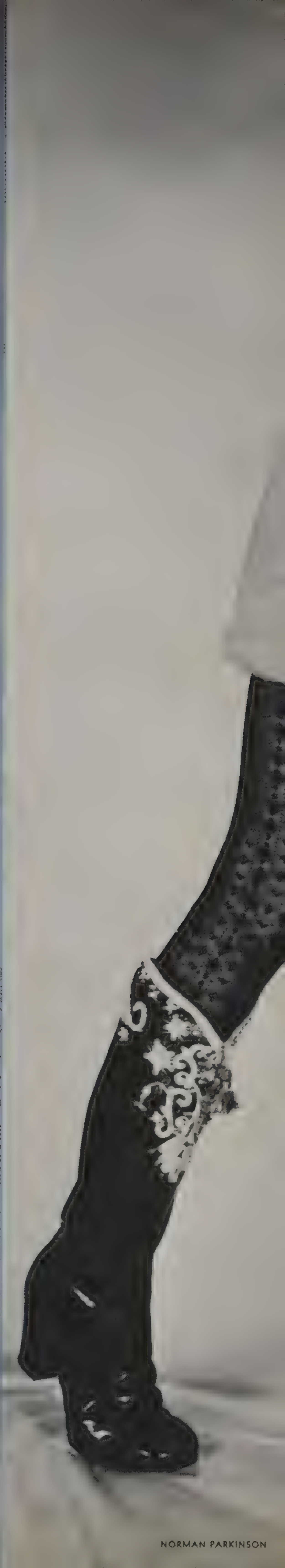
CRANBERRY
ALL THE WAY

NEW FASHION HEIGHTS TOP TO TOE

PIES A PLASTIC OF ORANGE



GREY LIZARD
BROGUES... ARGYLLS
TO THE KNEE





T

**HE FOOT,
THE LEG,
NEW**

FASHION HEIGHTS

Lizard with a brogue, far left—gunmetal grey with silvery links, upcurved tongue, knee socks of grey-and-white Argyll. These, working up to snappiness by Cardin—a navy dress appliquéd in red vinyl. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina, New York: \$75. Socks by Bewitching; about \$2. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin. The dress by Pierre Cardin—New York; \$165 at Bonwit Teller.

Decorated boots, walking this way—dark-grey with gold-braid embroidery and tassels, touches of red; blue outlined in silvery nailheads. Both, shiny leather with square toes, platforms, straight raised heels. Mohair skirts, one orange, one lavender; waistbands and patches of black vinyl. Boots by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. Grey boots, about \$100; blue boots, about \$80. Both, at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Black tights: Roman Stripe. Tweedy tights: Round-the-Clock. About \$3 at Gimbels. Skirts by Pierre Cardin—New York; each, \$80 at Bonwit Teller.

**HIGHER-HEEL
BOOTS. GOLD
EMBROIDERY**

**HIGHER-HEEL
BOOTS. SILVERY
NAILHEADS**

N

EW FASHION HEIGHTS

FROM THE HEELS UP

Tongue-in-chic, right, shiny black leather boots with platform soles, high heels, a tongue up to the ankles with a big silvery disc. Cobweb patterned white tights; brown dress with white vinyl appliqués. Boots: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard; about \$80. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Lady Exeter tights; \$3, Franklin Simon. Dress: Pierre Cardin-New York; \$165 at Bonwit Teller. Stripes, scrolls, centre—boots of zebra-printed hair calf with silver-braid scrolls, silver heels. Opaque black tights with Greek key designs up the sides. Boots, \$70 at The Shop for Pappagallo. Belle-Sharmeer tights; about \$1 at Lord & Taylor; Rich's. Strappy suède, far right, for black sandals with slanted straps, high chunky heel. Body stocking of nude colour with black velvet dots outlined in rhinestones and fake pearls. Sandals by Donald Brooks for Palizzio; about \$38. Available late September at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Halle's, Cleveland. Body stocking from the Betty Curry Collection for Burlington; about \$100. At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Shillito's. Burlington-Cameo pantie hose. The coiffure, by François of Kenneth.

SHINY BLACK BOOTS.
HIGH TONGUE,
HIGHER HEEL

ZEBRA PRINTED BOOTS.
SILVER SCROLLS...
GREEK KEY TIGHTS



STRAPPED-UP
SANDALS.
JEWELLED-UP
BODY STOCKING



THE NATURALS

*Sleek new
underthings
looking less
than they are...
doing more
than they look*





Marvellous maillot-in-one, far left: delicious little paring of sheer black fishnet, high on the legs, barely seamed, and so perfectly cut over the bosom it just fits, just shapes, that's all... Gives as much control as needed now for the likes of a shrimpy, soft satin dress or a hugger-snugger knit. By Jantzen. Of Du Pont nylon and Lycra with thin stretch straps and a snap crotch. \$8. At Bloomingdale's. Stretch-in-one, directly left, that's more in one than it looks — a persuasive smoothness of pale, buff-coloured nylon tricot and Lycra. With lightly padded cups; hook crotch. From the Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform (Collins & Aikman tricot). About \$10. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Frederick & Nelson. Plunge of brassière, right, making a deep dash under the bare-to-there dress or the shirt on its bottom button. One seam shapes it in palest beige with a low-backed, lace-rimmed stretch frame. Warner's. Of Enka Crepeset nylon tricot, \$8. Available mid-September at Saks Fifth Avenue. All coiffures by Hugh Harrison.







THE NATURALS

Pull-over brassière, above: for knits and transparencies—no hooks, no snaps—it just slips on, shapes up. Stretchy black Antron nylon tricot and Lycra; by Henson Kickernick. Matching bikini; \$3.50 each. Altman's. Shining through the sheers, below: silver braid rimming a wispy little black brassière of Du Pont nylon tricot. \$5. Altman's. Brassière and bikini by Henson Kickernick. Suga coiffure. To see through all your see-throughs, left—a small black bandeau. Insatiny nylon by Character. \$15. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. For a wide décolletage, far left, a deep plunge of black held fast by an inch of elastic. Jacques Tiffeau for Gossard, of Du Pont nylon tricot. \$7. Early September at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Sanger-Harris; J. W. Robinson. Hugh Harrison coifs.

NORMAN PARKINSON




THE NATURALS

Black at the controls, left: softly shaped brassière that's part satin tricot, part sheer, plus a pantie-girdle to hold tights taut. Olga Brassière, with spandex sides, tricot straps, \$5.99. Lycra girdle, \$9. Early September at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. Suga coiffure. Whole-body stocking, above: all one little gossamer black envelope that starts at the toes, glides all the way up to elastic shoulder straps. Of semi-opaque nylon and Lycra. Fortuna, \$7. Saks Fifth Avenue. Brushed-gilt collar by Fran Whitney. More maillot, right, with more power to it than you'd think. This beautifully-cut black smoothie is scooped out under the arms, has lightly padded tricot cups. Vanity Fair. Of Du Pont nylon and Lycra; detachable garters, snap crotch. \$13.50. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Hugh Harrison coiffures, here and above.



THE NATURALS



Chemise en fleur, above: a black slip of a thing with a sheer sideshow of embroidered flowers. Bali. Enka Crepeset nylon tricot. \$11. Saks Fifth Avenue. Black-out, below—very low on the sides, very wide in the centre. Hollywood Vassarette. Enka Crepeset nylon with Lycra. \$5. Pants, \$1.75. Bloomingdale's. All-in-the-buff, right: a lightly contouring all-in-one. Of pale buff Lycra and Antron nylon powernet. Padded cups; snapcrotch. Formfit Rogers. \$11. Bloomingdale's; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Close-hauled black camisole, far right, edged in white lace; shirttails tucked into its own high-strung bikini. Enka Crepeset nylon. Kayser, \$4. Bikini, \$3. Bloomingdale's. Hugh Harrison coifs.

NORMAN PARKINSON





YOUR

ALLERGY

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW AND MAY DO RIGHT NOW

Allergies are hell. And they have been going for a long time before C. von Pirquet in 1906 first used the term allergy in Munich, Germany. Within the last ten years—according to Dr. Lawrence M. Lichtenstein of The Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and its Division of Allergy and Infectious Disease in Baltimore—there have been *three* radical changes. These are: 1. the development and study of allergic reaction and the beginning of knowledge of the mechanism of histamine release; 2. the isolation and characterization of the reaginic antibody; 3. the introduction, on a clinical level, of controlled techniques for evaluating allergic diseases. Allergists believe that the best treatment for allergies is elimination. If the ragweed is the cause, go where it isn't. That is difficult as ragweed is indigenous to most of this country. Until recently most of Europe was believed free, but a Russian doctor, not long ago, told a research allergist in an American laboratory that Russians now suffer from ragweed, as seeds sent over from the United States to wheat farmers were mixed inadvertently with ragweed seeds.

RAGWEED CAUSES THE GREATEST NUMBER OF HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS, FOLLOWED BY GRASSES THAT INCLUDE PRIMARILY TIMOTHY AND ORCHARD GRASSES. TREE POLLENS MAY BE THE THIRD OR FOURTH, VYING FOR SHOW WITH DUST ALLERGIES. AT SOME POINT MUCH FURTHER DOWN THE LIST, BUT STILL IMPORTANT, IS, PENICILLIN ALLERGY. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE ALL THE SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA AND RECURRENT HIVES.

The American Academy of Allergy's Food Allergy Committee reported early in 1967 that a study was made to help resolve the "controversy between those of us who find food allergy an extremely common cause of asthma" and those who don't. The Committee found that the patients who were given the foods supposed *not* to cause distress to asthmatics tended to lose weight and those on foods allergic to the asthmatics tended to maintain their weight. To the Committee the study showed that "if food allergy is an important cause of asthma, other methods must be developed to detect it."

DR. CONNELL SAID: "HAY FEVER IS AN ORGANIC DISEASE AND IS NOT CAUSED BY EMOTIONS OR PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS, ALTHOUGH SUCH FACTORS MAY INCREASE THE DISCOMFORT. HAY FEVER IS FOR REAL, AND ITS VICTIMS ARE SICK PEOPLE."

Dr. Connell presented to the Academy of Allergy last March a theory on a new disease called nasal mastocytosis, which has the same symptoms as hay fever but with a few variations. Dr. Connell said: "Itching is less prevalent. The symptoms are around all year. We noted that in such patients the mast cells, which are *normal* cells, are found in increased numbers, and that these normal cells release chemicals into the nasal tissues in larger quantities, causing a hay-fever reaction without any allergy irritant. Again, tissue biopsies differ from normal nasal tissue and from hay-fever tissue."

Dust allergies are difficult to analyze as there are so many kinds of dust. It is frequently said, partly medically and partly for fun, that some allergists buy the dust from vacuum cleaner bags, grind up the dust, add salt water, and make dust extraction for injections.

Pollen nurseries in various parts of the country harvest only pollens—tree, grasses—for medicinal purposes. One nursery in Florida specializes only in ragweed.

Dr. John T. Connell, attending physician in allergy at New York's Roosevelt Hospital, studies allergic patients in the laboratory. He administers ragweed pollen to them in quantities similar to those found in the environment. Obviously, patients with high sensitivity to ragweed, for instance, need less pollen in the air to suffer intensely. Amazingly enough, individual patients' sensitivity to pollen changes depending on exposure. If they are exposed every day, their reactions become much more severe on each succeeding day. Even more interesting is the fact that daily exposure to one pollen they are allergic to makes them more sensitive to other things they react to. The greatly enhanced sensitivity is reversible if exposure to allergies ceases, but it sometimes takes as long as two months before the tissues are back to their normal state.

Dr. Lichtenstein said: "The target cells in human allergy are mainly the tissue mast cells beneath the respiratory mucous membranes of the nose and other tissues throughout the body. These cells contain granules rich in histamine. [Histamine is a colourless chemical in the body that has a variety of uses. When this chemical is released in the body, particularly by specific pollens, drugs, or food, the body usually responds by allergic symptoms—sneezing, et cetera. Antihistamines are often used to block off such symptoms.] Back in 1940, G. Katz and S. Cohen observed that the addition of an antigen to the whole blood of a patient allergic to that antigen led to histamine release. Just how a specific antibody "fixes" to cells to render them sensitive to antigen is unknown. It is known that the union between cell-fixed reaginic antibody and antigen leads to the release of histamine, a mediator that can reproduce most of the symptoms and signs of nasal, conjunctival, and respiratory allergy. Moreover, it is firmly established that the antihistamines, which block the action of the released histamine, are efficient, usually, in suppressing the allergy."

ALLERGIES

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Dr. Connell said: "Allergies are far more complicated than it is believed. If you put two allergies together, you can get a third allergy, different from the other two."

The classic symptoms of hay fever are sneezing, itchy eyes and nose, nasal discharge, swelling of the nasal membranes, and a pervasive malaise.

The classic symptoms of food allergy are hives, swelling, and pervasive malaise.

The classic symptoms of immediate penicillin allergy are shock and suffocation.

The classic treatments for allergies are antihistamines and injections, which are more or less effective against specific irritants. The newer treatments include cortisone. The classic antidote against an overdose of a drug for an allergy is adrenalin.

Dr. Bernard B. Levine, associate professor at the New York University School of Medicine and director of the Allergy Unit, has been involved in the development of tests to predict penicillin allergy, the commonest allergic reaction to drugs. Dr. Levine said: "Some patients do not know if they are allergic to penicillin, some believe they are but can not be sure, some can not remember. About 3 per cent of the patients who are treated with penicillin develop an irritating but not very serious reaction to penicillin therapy. This consists of itching, a red rash like measles or scattered hives, showing up several days later—up to two or three weeks after the start of penicillin therapy. The allergic reaction spontaneously disappears after penicillin therapy is stopped. Far more important, however, is the anaphylactic reaction to penicillin, which can cause death. This anaphylactic reaction

shows up within one to thirty minutes after the first dose of penicillin. This symptom is manifested by shock or by asphyxiation due to swelling of the upper respiratory passages. Perhaps one in five thousand patients has such dangerous reactions to a single shot of penicillin or to a penicillin pill taken by mouth.

"The treatment is the injection, immediately, of adrenalin and an antihistamine. The second immediate treatment, if the patient seems to be suffocating, is to pass a tube through the mouth into the trachea or to perform a tracheotomy.

Dr. Levine said: "In the past four years, our research group here at the School of Medicine, including Dr. D. M. Zolov, Dr. H. E. Voss, and Dr. A. P. Redmond, has been investigating clinically the use of skin tests to predict which patients will have an allergic reaction to penicillin therapy. We use three skin tests, injecting into the

skin tiny amounts of liquid that can detect those antibodies causing these allergic reactions to penicillin. If the tests are positive, a hive develops at the site of the skin test within ten to fifteen minutes. If the test is negative, nothing happens. At present, it appears that a positive test indicates a high probability of an allergic reaction to penicillin; a negative test indicates that the patient will not develop serious allergic reactions to penicillin, no matter what his experience with penicillin might have been.

"The value of objective predictive tests for penicillin allergy is twofold: 1. to screen out the potential severe allergic reactor to penicillin; 2. to enable the physician to use these valuable drugs in patients who, though they have histories of penicillin allergy, could presently tolerate penicillin therapy without allergic reaction."

Te Piao King, Ph.D., associate professor at Rockefeller University in New York, isolated antigen E, an important single chemical protein component found in ragweed. Antigen E is the chief substance that causes so much suffering in the victims of ragweed hay fever.

Dr. King said: "Part of the value of this isolation of antigen E is that it can be used as a standard to measure just how good are the ragweed extracts for clinical uses. At present, there is no Federal regulation on the biological potencies of such extracts except that they must be non-toxic and sterile. In all kinds of hay fever it is equally necessary to know what kinds of antibodies are involved. With this purified antigen E it became much easier for Dr. Kimishige Ishizaka to define the chemical nature of skin-sensitizing antibodies. Some people are susceptible to allergies and some are not. This difference may be caused by genetic factors. The partial success in de-sensitizing patients with extracts may be related to the fact that not enough of the extract can be injected into the sufferer. We know that antigen E is very active in ragweed hay fever and that it is difficult to use large amounts for de-sensitization. Attempts have been made by Dr. D. G. Marsh recently to modify antigen E in order to give more units of this modified antigen without disastrous side effects but with more positive protection. Most allergists ask: Why are the allergens so easily absorbed in susceptible people? Could it be that the pollens contain some chemical component that facilitates the absorption of allergens?"

MANY OF THE DEVELOPMENTS RESULTING FROM VARIOUS CLINICAL RESEARCHES INTO ALLERGIES HAVE BEEN SUPPORTED BY GOVERNMENT GRANTS, EITHER CITY OR FEDERAL.

Dr. Levine said: "One of the recent important advancements in managing allergic patients with asthma or hay fever is the use of cortisone derivatives, either by spray or by capsule. Another is recognition and treatment of bacterial infections that appear to play a rôle in certain allergic diseases."

Dr. Kimishige Ishizaka and Dr. Teruko Ishizaka of the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital have made a further research step in their work on reagin. [Reagin is an antibody or substance behaving like an antibody.] This reagin can be applied "to the spontaneously produced skin-sensitizing antibodies found in allergic serum." The Ishizakas have chemically separated and defined a protein in the blood of allergic sufferers, some of whom do not know they have such "reagin antibodies."



In his white, orderly studio in New York City Richard Lindner has a certain linear elegance in his white duck pants, black leather jacket with a scarf at the throat below his thin, tanned, laughing bird's face, his hair like a half-collar of white feathers. Born in Hamburg, Germany, Lindner, in 1941, like many other European painters, came to New York, a city that has become his subject. In 1954 he took his paintings to the Betty Parsons Gallery. At that time it was fairly impossible to sell any paintings by New York artists, but figurative painters were at the bottom. Eventually, his cycle came around and he moved to the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery. In 1961 his exhibition there sold out. Now museums and private collectors all want Lindners. The University Art Museum of the University of California at Berkeley had on view a Lindner retrospective organized in collaboration with The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, where the show is now. The interview here was written by Dean Swanson, Chief Curator of The Walker Art Center. Left: "Two," pastel crayon, 1969. Lindner said, "It is two lonely people taking a secret walk, but not together. The woman dresses like a prostitute." Coll. Max Palevsky, Los Angeles. Richard Lindner added, "We are all tourists on this earth. Eroticism is part of tourism. How terrible to be a spoiled tourist."

A PAINTER OF
FIGURES, UNIQUE.
BRILLIANTLY
EROTIC

LINDNER

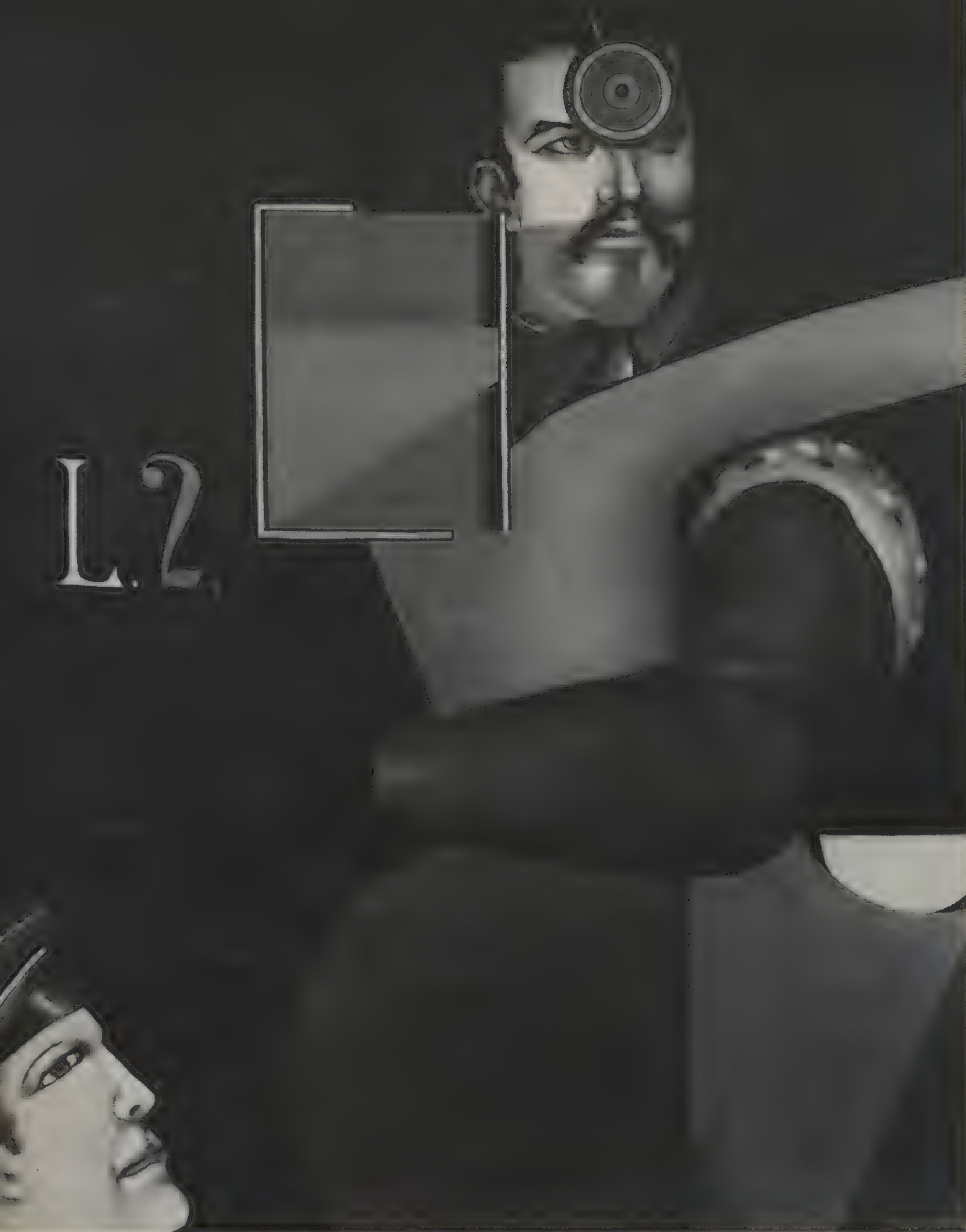
BY DEAN SWANSON

The work of sixty-eight-year-old Richard Lindner represents an extraordinary synthesis of "between-the-world-wars" European art with contemporary American images. Despite references to Hell's Angels, street signs, and pinball machines, his paintings inevitably recall the aggressive eroticism of Germany in the 'thirties—the world of Bertolt Brecht, Kurt Weill, and Christopher Isherwood; the women he paints are as much Lola-Lola as they are Lolita, Barbarella, or Barbie Doll.

The ambience of big-city life pervades Lindner's recent work; because of his interest in the raucous, jazzy aspects of urban culture, he has frequently been labelled a Pop painter. Significantly, he first achieved widespread recognition in the early 1960's concurrent with the emergence of Pop as a style, but the New York street images, the hard posteresque forms, and strident colours in his paintings differ markedly from characteristic American Pop images such as Warhol's soup cans in that Lindner's commentary on his subjects is more personal, less detached. He still considers himself a "European painter," and elements of Surrealist symbolism and German Expressionist social commentary persists in his pictures.

(Continued on next page)





Secret" [1960]?

R. L. Children are, of course, the most secretive human beings because they have voluntary secrets. Grown-up people have involuntary secrets. The most interesting game is having a secret, and for that reason, the grown-up people are really the children and the children are grown-ups. The secrets of the grown-ups are a kind of minor repetition of the real secrets of the child. Children are creative because they have voluntary secrets. I think a child is not innocent but a grown-up is because just to keep his job and be on good terms with the tribe is very naïve behaviour.

D. S. Speaking of works that draw directly on your European past, I am particularly interested in the painting called "Louis II"—it's actually Ludwig II, isn't it, the eccentric Bavarian monarch?

R. L. Yes, the insane one. This King of Bavaria was insane, and he did things that everyone wants to do. Well, insane people and children are very much related. People are still talking about him today—he is an ideal for the Bavarians who are much more harmless than the Franconians in Nuremberg.

D. S. Costuming is certainly an important element in your work—goggles and dark glasses appear frequently as do, in some of the early pictures, corsets and breastplates and other things that seem to identify the rôle of the character—but these accoutrements all seem to have a particularly aggressive character—for example, in the painting "Double Portrait" [1965], the aggressive dark glasses and "dangerous" headdress.

R. L. Yes, they are "weapons."

D. S. The exaggerated, heavy makeup on the eyes and lips seems almost like clown makeup, hiding the real face. Do you see it that way?

R. L. Don't you? But this is what I admire about women: When they are eighty, they still put things on to be women. A woman of eighty still wears jewellery and makeup. I think this has to do with just trying to be a woman as long as possible. (Continued on page 141)

Opposite: "One Afternoon," oil, 1958. Lindner said, "This is still pretty much a European painting. It is a boy and girl playing alone their secret, immature games." Coll. Miss Denise Brusse, New York City. Above: "Louis II," oil, 1962. Lindner said, "It is the insane Ludwig of Bavaria, a legend, a fairy-tale king in his unbelievable castle. The Bavarians are proud of this mad king. The little fellow in a cap at the left lower corner is a symbol of my teen-age years. It is not a self-portrait. I never do self-portraits." Coll. The Cleveland Museum of Art.

Lindner grew up in Nuremberg, a city famous for its mediaeval torture devices and sadistic mechanical toys—both elements that are alluded to in his paintings. Academy trained in Munich, he went to Paris in 1933 and moved to New York in 1941. He worked there for several years as a magazine illustrator, and then in 1950 resumed his career as a full-time painter.

In Lindner's New York studio this spring, we talked about his European beginnings, and about the changes that have occurred in his work since he became a New Yorker.

D. S. What influence did the city of Nuremberg have on the imagery in your paintings?

R. L. Nuremberg was a city based on secrets, brutality, and mystery.

D. S. These are all elements that have re-

mained in your pictures.

R. L. Let's say my fears remain, my fears developed back in my other surroundings. Here I have no fear, but my senses are sharpened like those of any Nuremberg intellectual or creative personality: There were quite a lot of them, from Dürer through the time when I grew up. This was one of the most interesting cities, maybe, of all nations, a much more interesting city than Venice, which is very similar because both are merchants' cities and existed at the same time. But with cruelty you have to have secrets, otherwise you can not be cruel—and mysterious, which the Venetians never were.

D. S. How are the concepts of mystery and cruelty manifested in your pictures involving children—for example, the children in the paintings "One Afternoon" [1958] and "The

LINDNER







SPACE VENTURE

THE AHMET ERTEGÜN TOWN HOUSE IN NEW YORK:
"WHY IMITATE WHEN NOW IS NEW?"

BY POLLY DEVLIN

Ahmet and Mica Ertegün are comets in the peopled New York sky. Flashing on their own trajectory, they leave a trail of sparks behind, sparks they strike by themselves, from other people, or simply out of the atmosphere. Their combination of extraordinary elements makes them one of the most magnetic couples around; and their house, with its unpredictable atmospheric mixture of Spartan good looks, modernity, and gracefulness, always promises adventure. The house, like its owners, sparks the senses.

In many ways the Ertegüns seem the prototype New Americans, internationally geared, peeling the best from all over, travelling constantly yet totally in tune with their New York context, and moving always to the American beat of their times. Indeed,

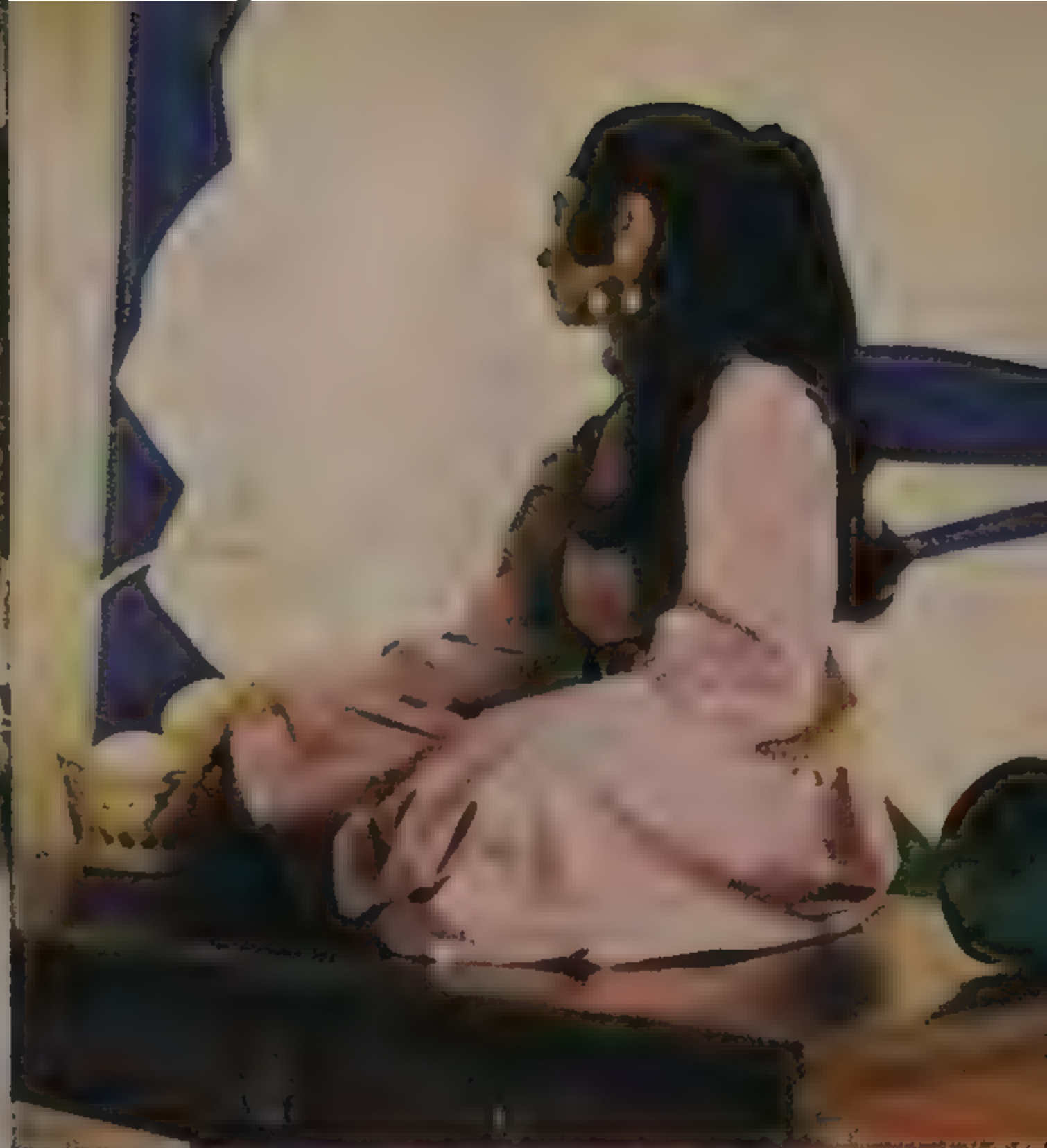
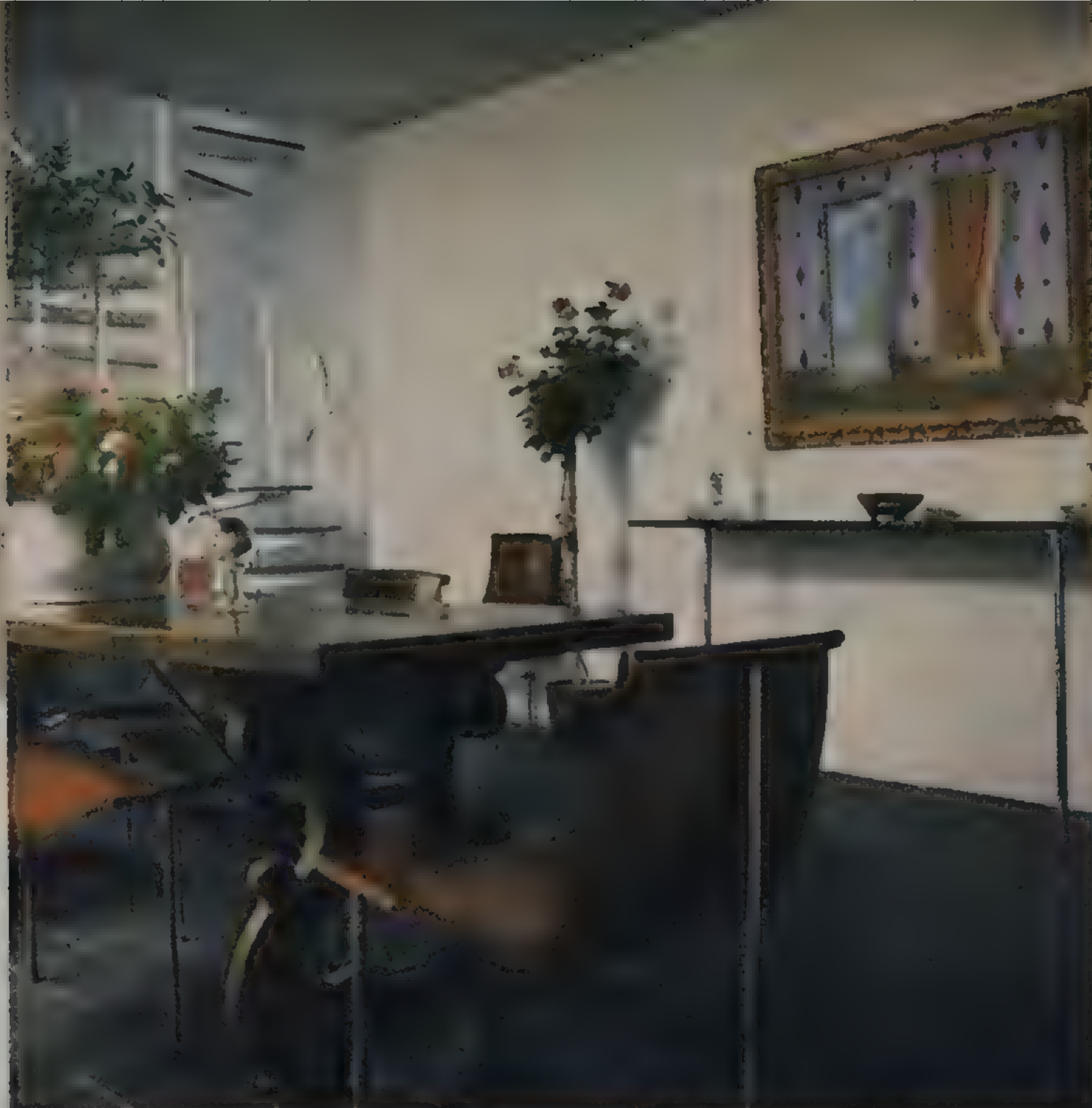
Ahmet Ertegün lives to that beat as President of Atlantic Recording Corporation, which he has nursed into one of the most successful recording companies around with an astonishing clutch of stars, from Aretha Franklin to Blind Faith. New Yorkers to the bone, Ahmet Ertegün is a Turk, the second son of a former ambassador to the United States, and Mrs. Ertegün is a Roumanian-born beauty.

The Ertegüns first met in New York, and they have made it their city, turning a traditional East Side brownstone into one of the few relevantly modern houses in Manhattan, a house with the feeling of a space venture. Shafts of light fall through skylights onto sculpted concrete curves, windows yawn over two floors. (Continued on next page)

Left: Mrs. Ahmet Ertegün in Adolfo pantaloons and bolero on the sculpted soar of one of the two staircases in her high living room; an Ellsworth Kelly painting, "York," 1959, above the sofa; chair by Henry B. Urban. On the table, ivory boxes and plates found in the Portobello Road, London; an ostrich egg from South Africa.

Above: The living room—a stretch of space—with the Kelly on the left wall, a Jack Youngerman, "August White," 1967, on the right, and, just visible behind the staircase, a Magritte, "L'Empire des Lumières," 1954. On the floor, Persian and Tibetan rugs; Regency chair near a French backgammon table.





SPACE VENTURE

(Continued) The whole house has a feeling of free fall and illuminates and complements the modern paintings which the Ertegüns love and which Mrs. Ertegün, in particular, collects—among them, works by Magritte, Rothko, Youngerman, and Ellsworth Kelly. “The house influenced my whole outlook on painting,” she said. “I started going to galleries and collecting because of necessity—all those white walls! Now it is a major passion.” Her sense of colour, her eye for form and content helps her in the decorating business she runs with her close friend Mrs. (Continued on next page)

Far left: The great sweep of the living room with its Jack Youngerman above a French bureau, with ostrich eggs, a Victorian glass doorstop. Looking glass was found in Boston, the Regency chair and table, in London. Above, top left: The slate-floored dining room with its splendid mixture of elements—an eighteenth-century Italian banquet table, leather-and-steel chairs by Laverne, a Magritte painting, “La Cour d’Amour,” 1960, and, on the table, a Victorian footbath filled with flowers.

Left, centre: Mrs. Ertegün’s desk in the airy, extended library under an enormous sloping skylight.

Left, below: Another wall in the library with its pleasant, unarranged mixture of books, toys, artifacts, and an eighteenth-century print of Istanbul. The backgammon table, built especially for Ahmet Ertegün, between suède-covered Louis XVI chairs.

Above, right: Mrs. Ertegün, her hair arranged by Marc Sinclair, in front of the Youngerman painting.



SPACE VENTURE

(Continued) William (Chessy) Rayner. "It's called Mac II," she said, "which sounds like a trucking firm."

Mrs. Ertegun possesses many of the famed Roumanian national characteristics, from extraordinary luminous skin to a certain kind of passion in her speech to enormous stamina and energy.

Her husband, Ahmet Ertegun, is a complex, polished, fast-moving man with a subtle and stringent wit, who is rarely to be found in the place he was last seen. It is part of his unpredictability, yet completely in character, that he should have a passion for backgammon, a game usually played by men with rather more leisure—and he has two (Continued on page 140)

Right: A corner of the library with a movable feast of paintings, objects, and pre-Columbian artifacts collected by the Ertegüns on their travels. To the left of the Magritte painting "L'Heure," 1929, an Eskimo carving of a bear. Above it, a running figure unearthed at a dig in Turkey, and to its left, an ikon brought from Roumania above an onyx bowl. "The library is the only place I wanted lots of colour," said Mrs. Ertegun. All the furniture by Henry B. Urban. Far right: Mrs. Ertegun in a Grès tunic and pants on the spiral staircase from the living room to the dining room.

Above: View from the garden through the dining room, through doors flanked by Stephen Porter sculptures. Inside, a leather screen from England and carved wooden doors from Mexico.





VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

California!!!

What a terrific place it is!—there's such an attractive, friendly exuberance about so many things there—like the boutiques, the clothes in them . . . and the girls who wear them!



The Clinger Sisters, 1 and 2. Adorable, each one of them—and together, one of the rock groups we hear a lot—and a lot of.

1. Above, romping through the Beverly Hills park, the girls all wearing their Isadora scarfs. \$15 each. The Garment District, 8814 Sunset Blvd. . . . **2.** The girls—limpid with fringe. Centre, Melody in apricot brocade, \$90. Standing, left to right: Patsy in panne velvet, \$100; Peggy in embroidered shawl, \$45; Debbie in silk, hand-knotted fringe, \$105. All, Holly's Harp, 8605 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. . .



California!!!



Chér. beautiful glorious Chér, starring not only on her records but now in her first movie *Chastity*, and above, **3**, with her daughter, Chastity Sun. What Chér's got on—a luxurious little dress cut from an antique silk embroidered shawl, the neckline swinging with hand-knotted fringe. \$150. **5.** Chér in another fantasy—a thigh-high harem of blue-green silk brocade trimmed with gold galloon. \$80. Both from Holly's Harp, 8605 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles. . . .



Gracie Slick, **4**, the gorgeous voice of the Jefferson Airplane, photographed on the front portico of the big white-columned Southern-type mansion in San Francisco that is home to the Jefferson Airplane. . . . What Gracie's got on—her own individual, alluring mélange acquired here and there, everywhere . . . violet cotton Indian shirt under a purple crocheted weskit, her waist wrapped with gold and black cords and an Indian silk scarf—her silk pants wrapped doubly over with a printed silk chiffon skirt . . . her soft chamois boots fastened with bows. . . .

BERRY BERENSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE Continued

California!!!



1. The L.A. Revolution is a great boutique—makes one-of-a-kind long dresses in the freshest, prettiest patterns—like Lynn Wilkes's blue cotton patchwork. \$250. Revolution, 8800 Melrose Ave....

2. Randi is a San Francisco beauty. She found this Isadora-ish bodice of the softest, shirred chamois suède, \$85, at the Rubayat, 599 Bridgeway, Sausalito....



4. The lovely Lynn Wilkes is one of the great-looking California girls—the sun-streaked hair.... Here, she's photographed at the Jules Buccieri Antique Shop, in a brown-and-white jersey, \$125; a chiffon shirt, \$45. Both, made to order at Revolution, 8800 Melrose Ave....

3. Lynn in gingham—blue-and-white silk gingham trimmed and petticoated with scarlet silk plaid... one of the pretty one-of-a-kinds. \$320. From Revolution, 8800 Melrose Ave....



5. Geraldine, Mrs. Pregmolato she is—and here she is in a brilliantly-coloured patchwork tunic and weskit. By Joann Lopez. \$150. From Chequer West, 8620 Melrose Ave....

California!!!



6. Carrie White, the famous L.A. hairdresser, in a fascinating leather patchwork tunic designed and made by Marcia Trina, 6522 La Luna, 29 Palms, California. . . .



8. Sinuous as a willow wand, Joyce Winston in hand-crocheted dress and jacket, all narrow, moulded languor. \$190. The Pleasure Dome, 8371 Sunset Blvd. . . .

9. Anything American Indian is something we want. So does Geraldine. That is why she covets this 150-year-old navy-and-red wool Indian chief's blanket cloak. From the Indian Antiquaire, 49 Steps, 745 North La Cienega Boulevard. . . .



7. Mexicali rose, the shirt every girl in L.A. wants—black chiffon, needlepoint roses. \$25. The Pleasure Dome, 8371 Sunset Boulevard. . . .

California!!!



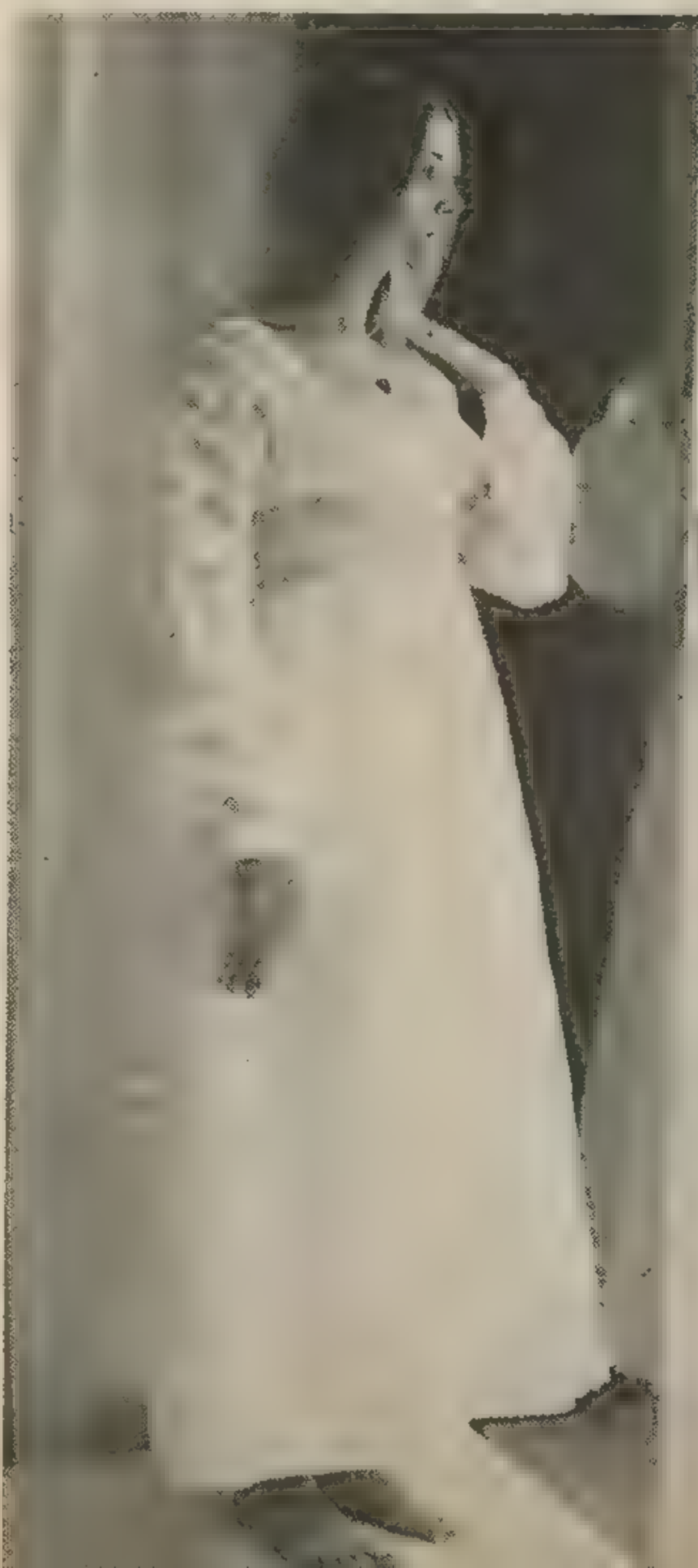
11. Bits of gypsy, a panne velvet shirt. \$25. A screamie sateen skirt. \$40. From Anastasia's, 597 Bridgeway, Sausalito.

10. Fresh as a field flower— Robin Mitchell in a pale patchwork of printed voile. \$50. The Pleasure Dome, 8371 Sunset Boulevard. . . .

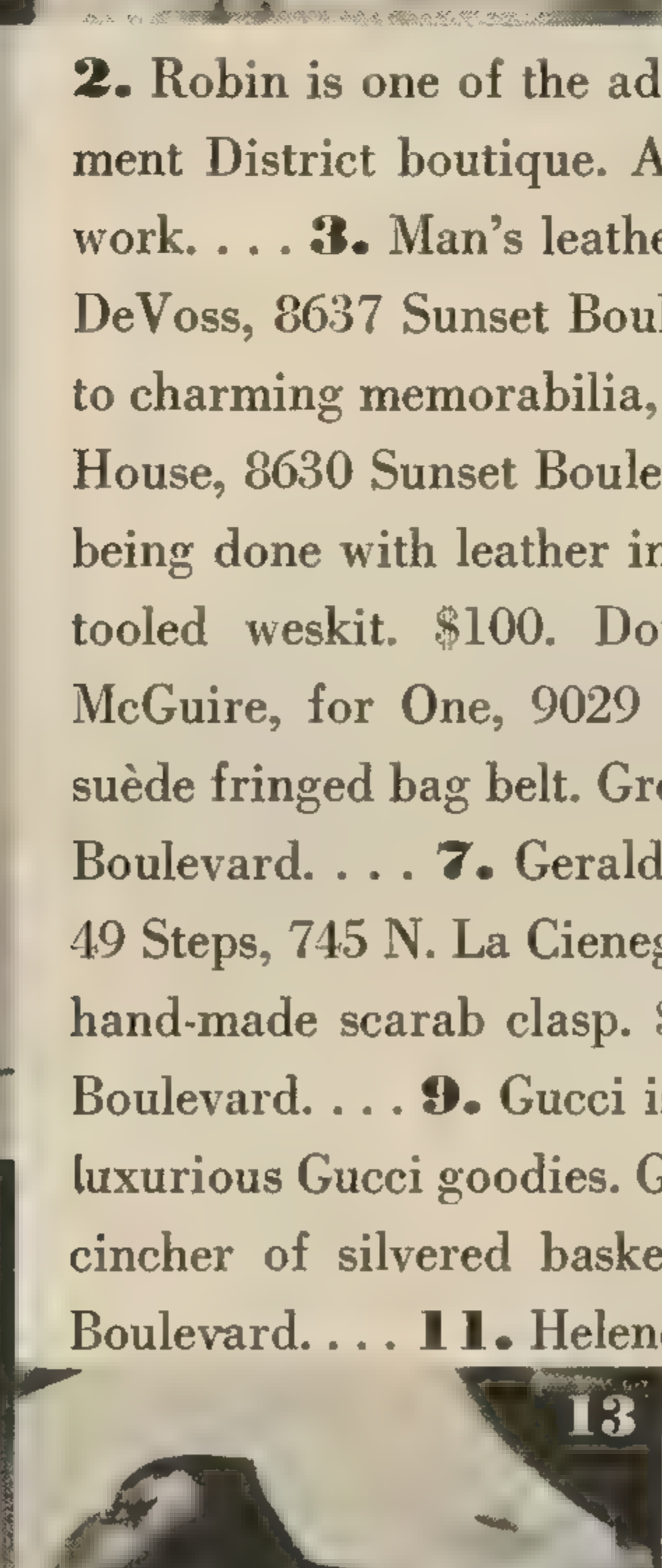
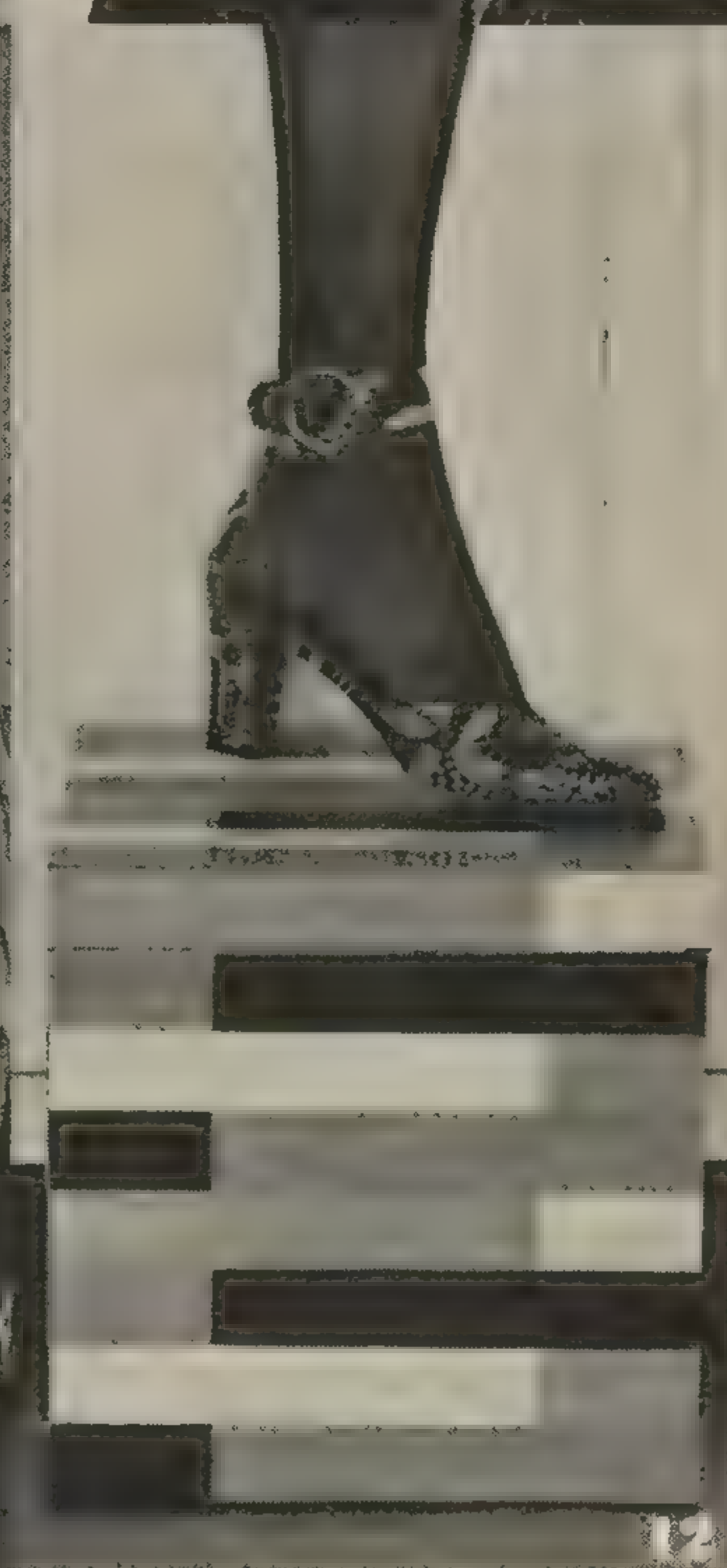
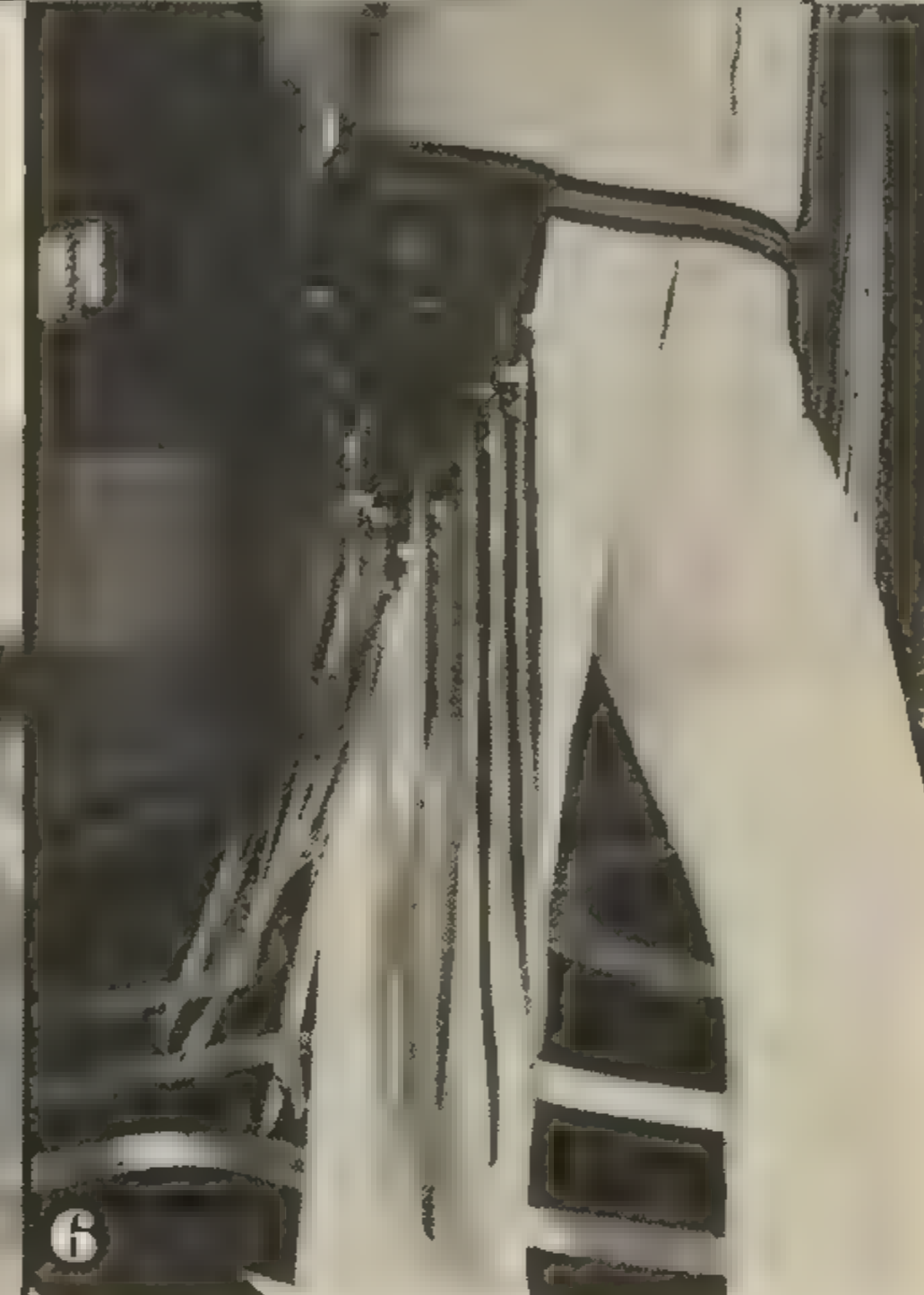
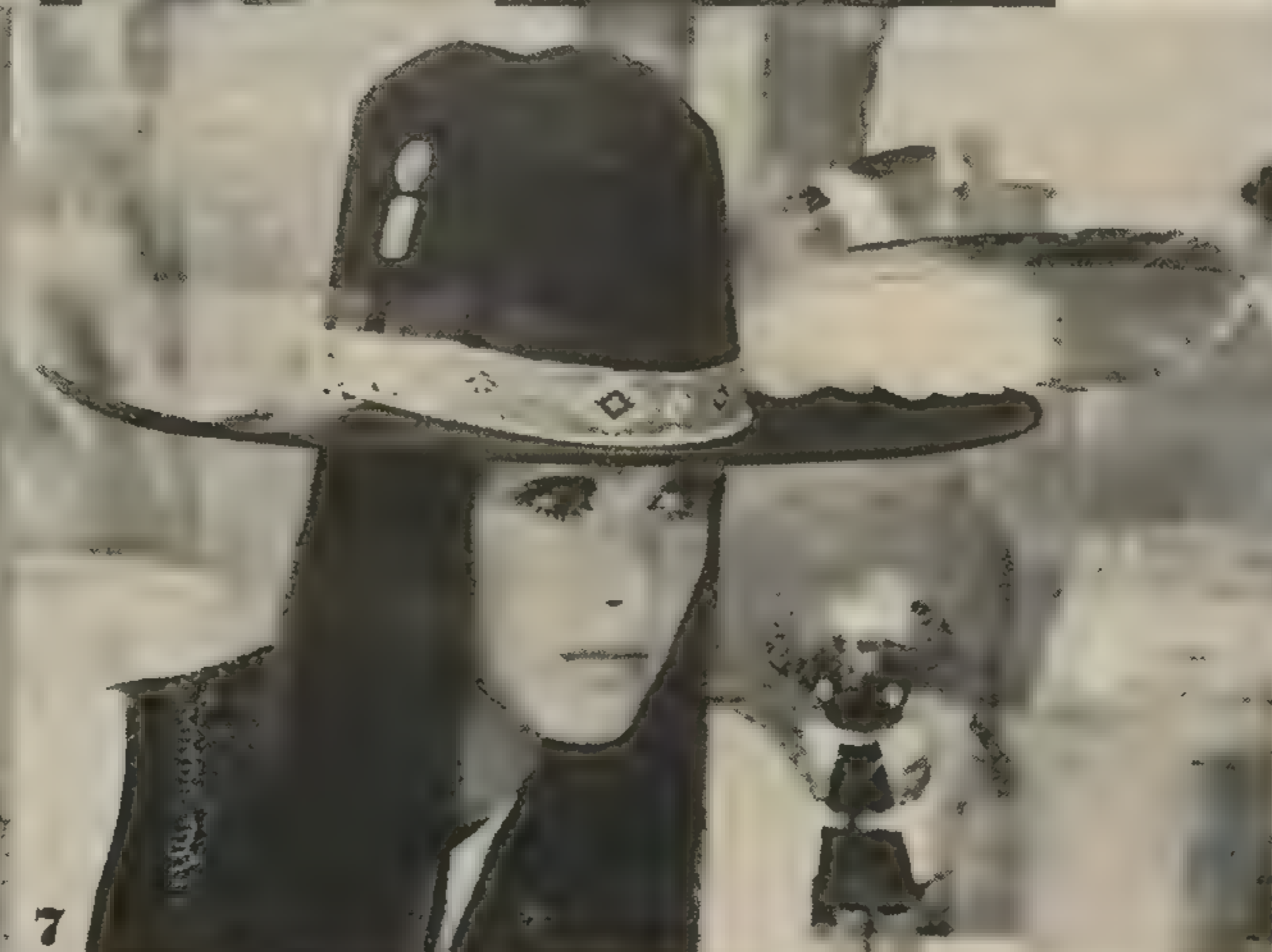
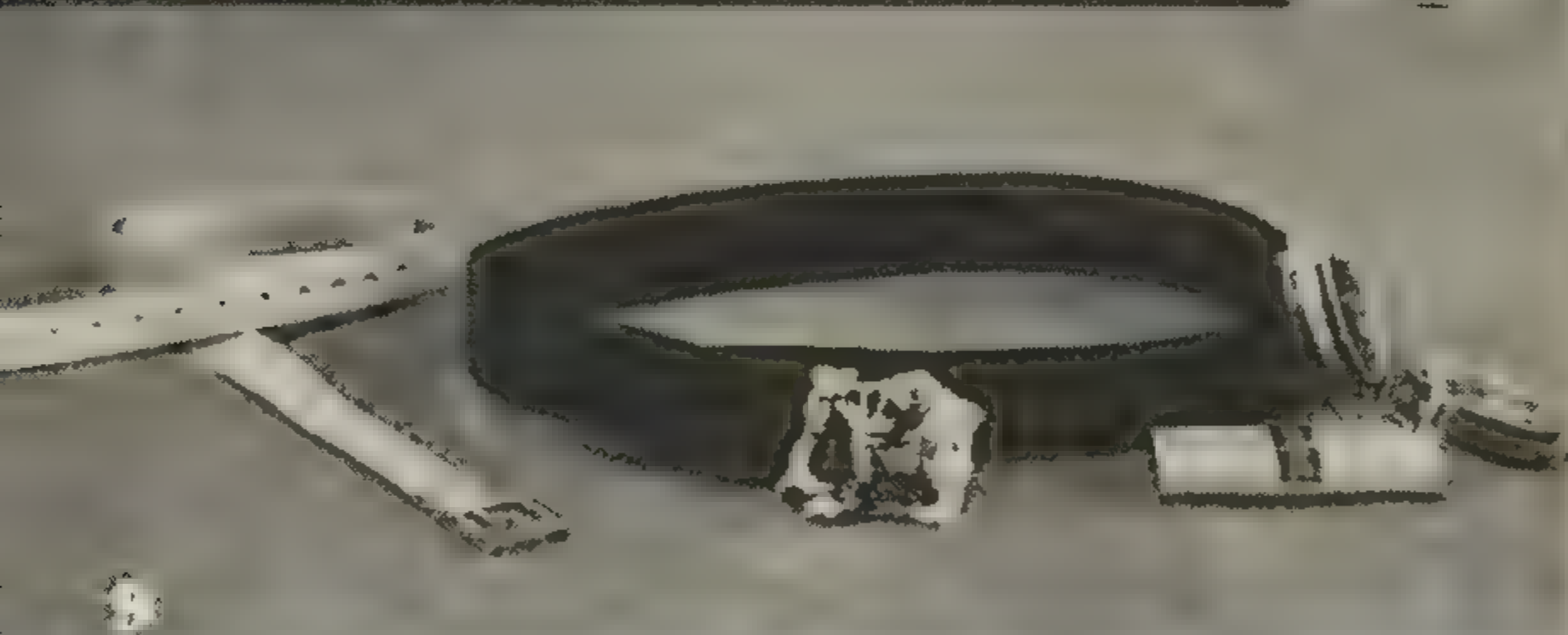
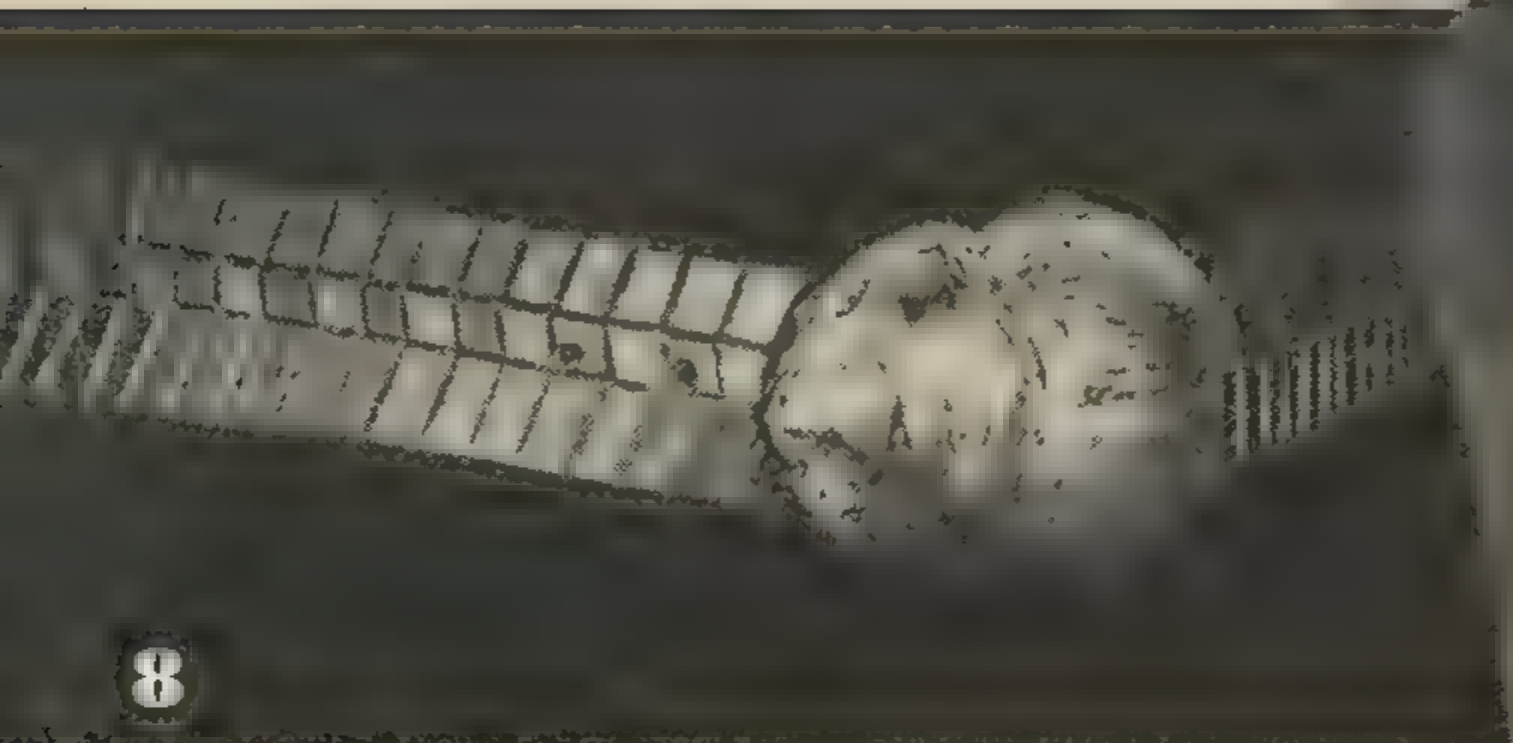
More on next page



12. Jill is a Jax girl. Like all of us, Miss Graham loves the clothes that Jax is famous for, like this sexy kitten confection of white embroidered organdie. \$140. Jax, 9667 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills. . . .



California!



California

1. One of the most attractive boutiques in L.A.—and all it sells is beautiful flowers. Renée's, 8533 Melrose Avenue. . .

2. Robin is one of the adorable L.A. girls. She works at The Garment District boutique. And this is what she sometimes wears to work. . . **3.** Man's leather shoulder bag. Very popular here. \$55. DeVoss, 8637 Sunset Boulevard. . . **4.** From a boutique devoted to charming memorabilia, a civil war ammunition bag. \$75. Breton House, 8630 Sunset Boulevard. . . **5.** There are wonderful things being done with leather in L.A. Here, Joel Schumacher in a hand-tooled weskit. \$100. Double belts. \$20 each. Made by Tony McGuire, for One, 9029 Santa Monica Boulevard. . . **6.** Red suede fringed bag belt. Great. \$20. Bazaar C.M., 400 N. La Cienega Boulevard. . . **7.** Geraldine found her black Navajo hat, \$75, at 49 Steps, 745 N. La Cienega Boulevard. . . **8.** Superb leather belt, hand-made scarab clasp. \$35. Made for One, 9029 Santa Monica Boulevard. . . **9.** Gucci is fairly new to Beverly Hills. Here, some luxurious Gucci goodies. Gucci, 347 North Rodeo Drive. . . **10.** A cincher of silvered basketweave kid. \$13. DeVoss, 8637 Sunset Boulevard. . . **11.** Helene Robertson showing us rings she sells in

her Anastasia's boutique, 597 Bridge-way, Sausalito. . . **12.** Smash-o shoe, hand-painted in Paisley pattern. \$85. Chequer West, 8620 Melrose Avenue. . . **13.** Brimmed hats. Very big for men in L.A. Brown leather Aussie. \$18. DeVoss, 8637 Sunset Blvd. . .

Vogue's Own Boutique

(Continued)

New York: Dr. Scholl—the name we all think of when we think of unattractive but necessities like bunion pads and corn potions, etc.—no longer! Take a look at the wooden, one-strap sandals being clomped around in all over Manhattan by some of the prettiest girls. The clog sandal with its perfectly nice-looking, sensible, adjustable strap and shaped sole curved and moulded to do good things to your legs and feet is one of the best clog sandals around. On to the heights of chic, Dr. Scholl! \$11, at 399 Fifth Ave. . . .

New York: Now Mrs. Onassis has found them too. "Them" is that terrific, wonderfully attractive looking

team of dressmaker-designers, Joan Sibley and Dorée Coffee. They've been a fairly secret source for a lot of the models, the young fashion editors, the ladies who are full of ideas and fashion—like Mica Ertegun, Gloria Schiff—the place to go to have made-in-a-hurry a superbly-fitting romantic shirt, an evening fantasy, a perfect little jersey T-shirt dress. . . . Now Mrs. Onassis is Sibley-Coffee'd too—snapped up some of their T-shirt tunic tops and dresses. The girls' workroom is at 331 East 58th Street. . . .

Capri: "This year it's rope sandals and djellabas—the sort one finds in the market places of North African towns. . . . And shawls, shawls, shawls. . . ."

London: "The patchwork craze is catching on here too—thought you might be interested to know that Chiquita Astor is making her own dress entirely by hand."

Norman Mailer

(Continued from page 89)

Kent (Points to Lego construction): You seem preoccupied with physical planning, with visionary projects like Lego City. Isn't this inconsistent with your anti-Utopian approach to politics?

MAILER (Groaning): Oh, don't call it "Lego City." It sounds like Lefrak City.

Kent: Mailer City?

MAILER: No. No. (A moment of uncomfortable silence.) None of my ideas is the least bit visionary. They're all very practical. The only thing at all visionary is the assumption that people will be interested in getting power back. That's what most critics don't believe. Well, we'll find out. If we win the election, then the idea will have proved to be

not visionary, but practical. If we do very poorly, then I'll have to agree, yes, there was something visionary about it—not in the idea, but in the fact that I thought I was the man who could embody the idea. That may have been the aspect that was impractical.

* * *

Norman Mailer went down to defeat in the New York mayoral primary on June 17, but, as he hoped, his ideas for turning the city around are still in the air. Writing on the editorial page of *The New York Times*, Tom Wicker conceded that what Mailer had done was to "dramatize a fundamental issue, not only for New York but for America, in demanding a 'new beginning.'" Meanwhile, Mailer is studying up on the men who shoot for the moon."

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The Eye Job

(Continued from page 105)

ly look great." She added a warning that the beginning of healing could alarm you if you weren't prepared, because the eyes are distorted by swelling as they heal. "You think they'll never get back in shape—one eye swells and you put ice on it, so it goes down; then the other eye swells. But it doesn't last, so be patient. It's well worth it."

For years, we had heard rumours of women with particularly huge, dramatic, beautiful eyes—eyes like Joan Crawford's or Sophia Loren's—having had them enlarged by surgery, so we asked one of our advisers about the feasibility of such an operation. "It absolutely can't be done," he said, flatly. "If you cut the eyelid in such a way, all you'd have would be an ugly distortion." So much for that. . . .

As with all plastic surgery—

all surgery, in fact—it's important to know as much as you can about your doctor's skill and experience in this particular operation. "I don't want to scare anybody," said our informant, "but this is one of the most delicate of all operations. The slightest mistake can distort the shape of the eye, and mistakes in this area are very difficult—if not impossible—to correct." Your first step in finding a plastic surgeon should be taken through your family doctor, someone you know and who knows you—and who also knows the medical field. Don't rely on a friend or acquaintance who has heard of "the most fabulous man." . . . Your county medical association can also make referrals, as can the large hospital nearest where you live.

The most common question

about plastic surgery done to correct the signs of aging is, "How long will it last?" This arises partly because of an old wives' tale about face lifts—and, by extension, eye lifts—which runs as follows: after holding up nicely for a certain (unspecified) length of time, a face lift will "drop." It's hard to say where this legend got its start, but it is a myth. What *will* happen is that your face will continue to age at the same rate at which it would have aged if you'd never had any surgery. Plastic surgery can indeed turn the clock back—it can not stop it. But until the alchemists or the biochemists or the magicians find the real Fountain of Youth, it continues to invent and perfect more and more ways to keep us as young as we'd like to be.

Mica Ertegün

(Continued from page 132)

backgammon tables in his house. As head of Atlantic Recording Corporation, he has a knack for pouncing on potential, for finding and encouraging embryonic talent, and he travels constantly in search of new musicians and new sounds. He seems a glossily incongruous figure in the soul-rock world. "But," said a Californian colleague, "he's right there when it's happening, and the artists know it and respect him." Stories about him abound—few seem to be apocryphal. "He's a perfectionist propelled by ambition" is how he's summed up by someone who has known him for years. The same person added, "And Mica complements him exactly and sees to it that everything is as near perfect for him at home as it can be."

Mica Ertegün said, "I believe that the man should be the most powerful figure in a marriage and in a house, and my husband is. I scale my life to making him as comfortable as possible. Men are far more demanding than women anyway, and certainly Ahmet is. Having grown up in Turkey where wom-

en have far less to say, and where men are the focal point, he takes it absolutely for granted that he is at the centre of things. And in our house, he is."

Mrs. Ertegün likes the diversity of their interests, the way their many worlds meet. "In one way I lead a double life," she said. "Ahmet can forget his work when he comes home, and does. But we *do* go to recording sessions all the time, to concerts in New York and in California, and we have musicians and managers here often. But I don't move in that world of music and my rôle, really, is to stay in the background."

Mrs. Ertegün puzzles many people. She, who isn't concerned with creating mystery, is often described as an enigmatic and secretive person, evasive and reticent about herself. In fact, she has a ready and sly sense of humour, is agreeably honest and straightforward and always eminently practical.

"Sometimes I think childhood in Roumania was ghastly, although I love Roumania. But I don't know how much being Roumanian has made me what

I am. When I go back there now, I know I could never stay there.

"Everywhere I have been has changed me. One of the things I *do* think stems from my leaving my country so early is that I'm not bound by tradition and I don't feel unsettled by traveling a lot. Although everywhere I travel I clutch a little ikon with me—which is a totally Roumanian characteristic. But in general I have little feeling for possessions, hate little objects everywhere and fussiness.

"Why imitate when now is new? I don't see how one can live in New York and not be affected by it. I wanted a house of today, a house that belonged in New York and, with a marvellous architect, Joseph G. Merz, who translated my ideas and gave the house architectural symmetry, I was able to experiment and to do things that I wouldn't have had the courage to do in someone else's house. In ten years' time I may want a totally different house. Who knows? But this is what I want for my life *now*—a way of life that has more to say to me than anything that has ever gone before."

the
cream
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The
New
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tions
Issue

(Continued from page 126)

D. S. Do you really feel that most of these personages in your pictures are types rather than individuals? Are they like stock characters in a play?

R. L. Yes, because there are only a few characters in the human race. And there is no such thing as the good one or the bad one. When he wears a certain costume, he is the good one. If he wears another costume, then he is the villain, the bad one—in that “uniform” he is a villain. A policeman may be a nice guy at home, in uniform he may have another rôle.

D. S. Then who are the characters in the dramas you paint?

R. L. These people are me or you. Whatever I do comes from what I am myself.

D. S. What rôles are the characters in these dramas playing? Sometimes they are policemen, but in other pictures, they look like gamblers. The women are often prostitutes—at least they seem to be.

R. L. Every woman is a prostitute in the costumes of today because any woman you see in the street today wears costumes like those once worn only by prostitutes. If you look at George Grosz's drawings, you find the mini-skirt. But today,

woman is one hundred per cent streetwalker.

D. S. In your cast of characters there often appears the very young woman, the “Lolita” type—not a child exactly, but not a full-grown woman either.

R. L. The European man is very intrigued by a woman who is not yet a woman. In a way, a female child is already a grown-up woman while a grown-up woman eventually becomes childish in her use of her weapons. A man grows up late—he stays childish longer.

Nature gives woman weapons very early—and secrets. As soon as she has her period, she has a secret from the male of her own age—yet at the same time, it is a weapon. There is a big misunderstanding about my women, my relation to women. My sympathy is with women, not with men, because men are extremely simple by nature, uncomplicated. In my paintings, it is the woman who is the brighter and the stronger of the two—and she is also the sad one.

D. S. In recent paintings I don't recall seeing children.

R. L. Like a playwright, I want to do a play with children, but I have to finish with the grown-ups first. To make the human dramas more interesting, I sometimes incorporate other living creatures. Dogs will appear in my new pictures. I've

noticed how dog society resembles human society. They are afraid of losing their job and do their best to “please the boss.” Animals, like humans,



Study for painting, “Marilyn Was Here,” watercolour and collage, 1967. Coll. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour M. Klein, New York City.

have their own stage—even their own “makeup.” A dog completely takes on its owner's identity, and the moment the owner recognizes himself in the dog, the dog has a job for life.

D. S. You have painted felines of one kind or another for several years. An early example is the painting called “The Meeting” [1953].

R. L. Yes, at that time I was very close to Saul Steinberg. I am still.

D. S. His portrait is included in the picture.

R. L. He had a cat that was really something, sitting at the

table when we were eating, with a napkin around his neck; so I painted the cat in the picture.

D. S. In later pictures you often use images of lions or tigers.

R. L. That is a very ordinary symbol, almost a *Playboy* symbol for women. They're part of the composition, but they are not a character in the drama like the humans. Sometimes, the cats are a symbol for the aggressiveness of one or the other of the sexes.

D. S. It's not just a symbol that's involved with the aggressiveness of the female necessarily?

R. L. No, both sexes. However, I put leopard skin sometimes in women's costumes—a woman likes to go around in a leopard fur, she likes to sleep on furs. But it's not my symbol—it became a very popular symbol long before my time.

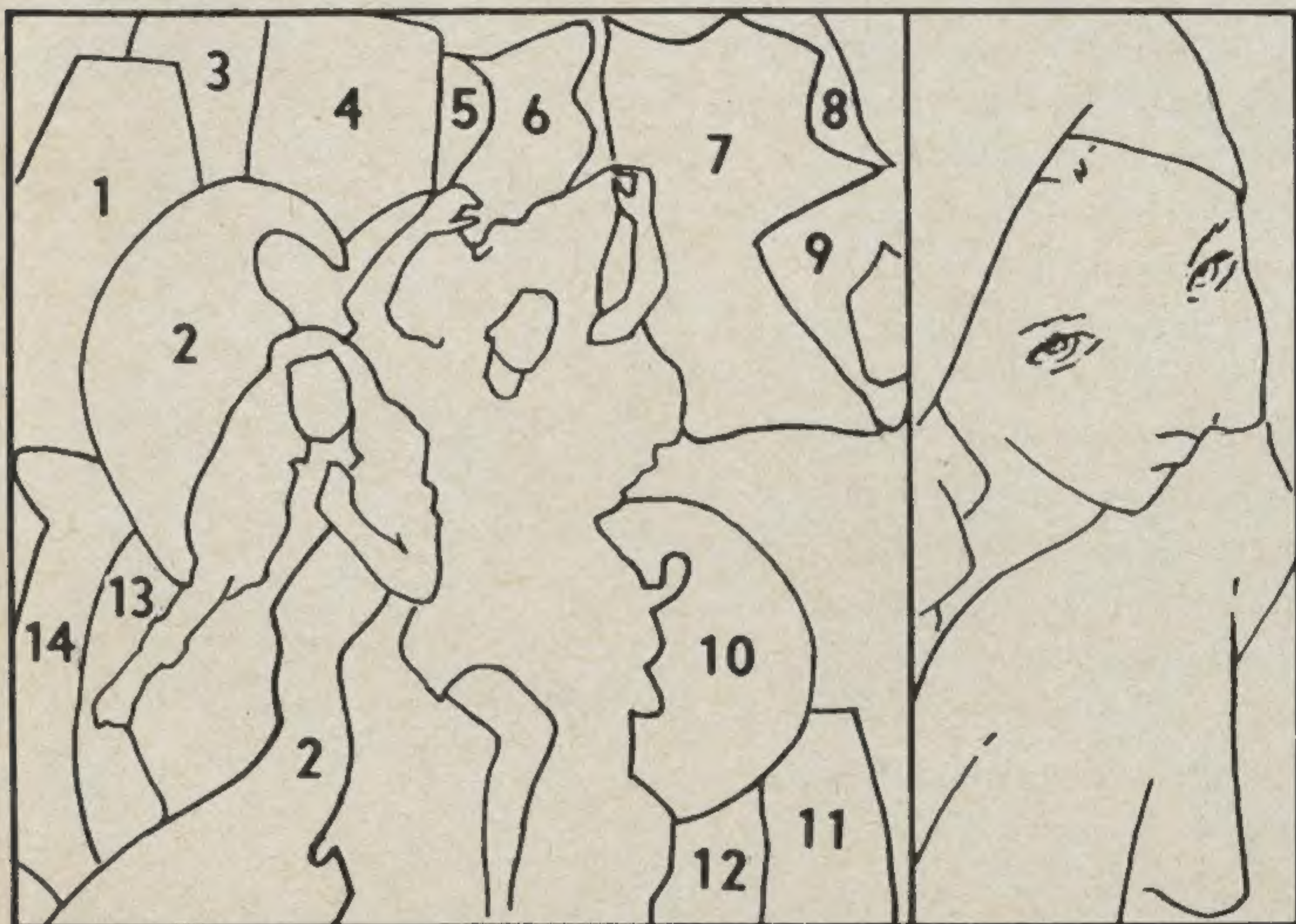
D. S. What are the plays that are being performed in your pictures?

R. L. “Professional” plays, because a tribe consists only of professionals—shoemakers, dentists, truck drivers, artists—all of us perform and dress the part of our profession.

D. S. What do you consider to be the themes or messages of these “professional plays”?

(Continued on page 142)

Optic nerve



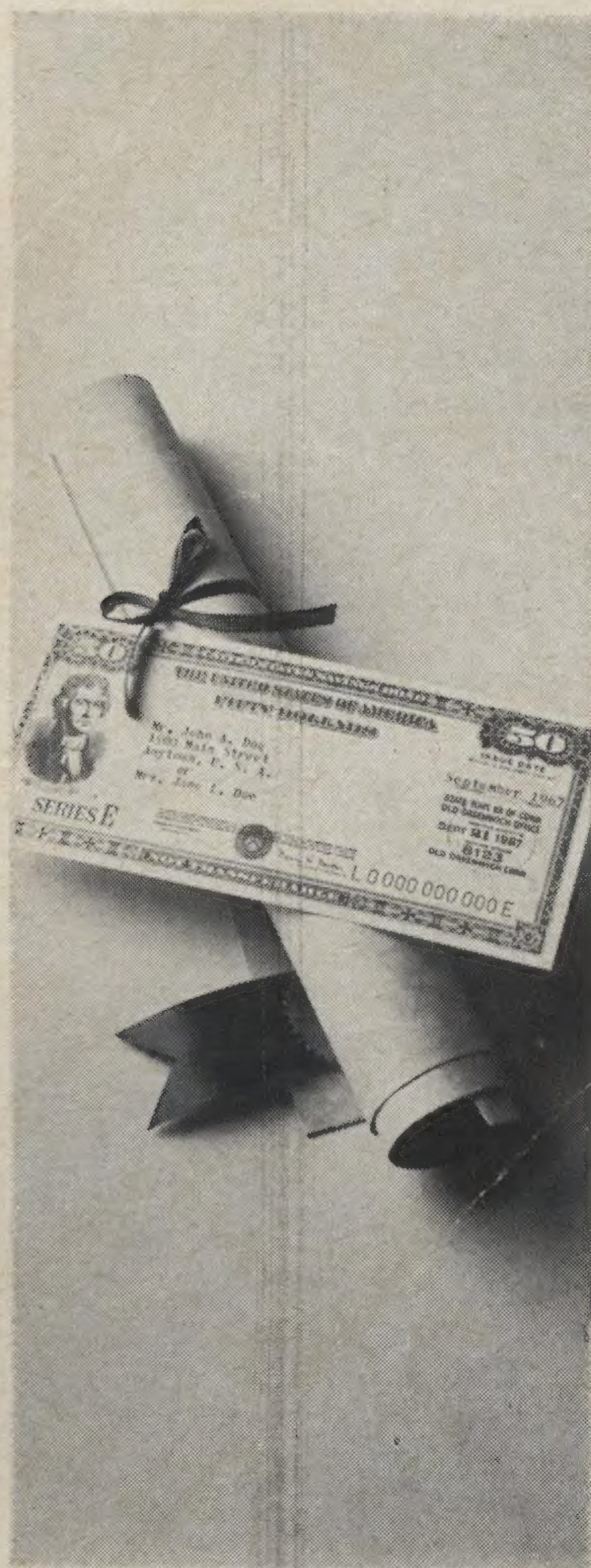
Details of the fabrics shown on pages 62-63 inspired by Gustav Klimt, the turn-of-the-century Viennese painter.

1. Swirls, circles, and dots of purple, mustard, black, red on silk organza. Julian Tomchin for

Chardon-Marché. 2. Rainbow-in-the-round—pastel circles on black—glittering with gold

thread. Rayon and Mylar. Gourdon. 3. Squares on squares, circles on circles—gilt columns and rows of orange dots on dark brown. Acetate, nylon, and polyester. Gourdon. 4. Paths of wavy lines between frothy little bubbles and circles—orange and gold on brown. Acetate, nylon, and polyester. Gourdon. 5. Concentric circles of colour on a shiny blue sky. Loomskill, of Acele acetate. 6. Gold-fretted Paisley stripes in rich earthy tones on yellow chiffon. Of silk and Lurex by Orceyre. 7. Dazzling checkerboard—gold, silver, and white squares, all very sheer and airy. Nylon and metallic threads. Kaplan. 8. Circles going round in circles—maroon, gold, and orangey-red on India pink. By Loomskill, of

Acele acetate. 9. Striped brown lace minted with gold and silver coins of many denominations. Polyester, rayon, and nylon by Whelan. 10. On brown—orange circles bordered in gold and linked by gold bars. Metallic brocade of acetate, nylon, and polyester. Gourdon. 11. White tie-dots on orange, on gold—bi-pattern, bi-colour print on one continuous piece of silk georgette. Beauclere-Sache. 12. Big cubist blocks of colour printed on velvet in browns and greens. By Onondaga, of rayon. 13. Dazzled lace—brown threaded with big lozenges of gold and silver. Polyester, rayon, and nylon by Whelan. 14. New breed of leopard—jungle-printed silk flashing gold-flickered squares, of silk and Lurex by Orceyre.

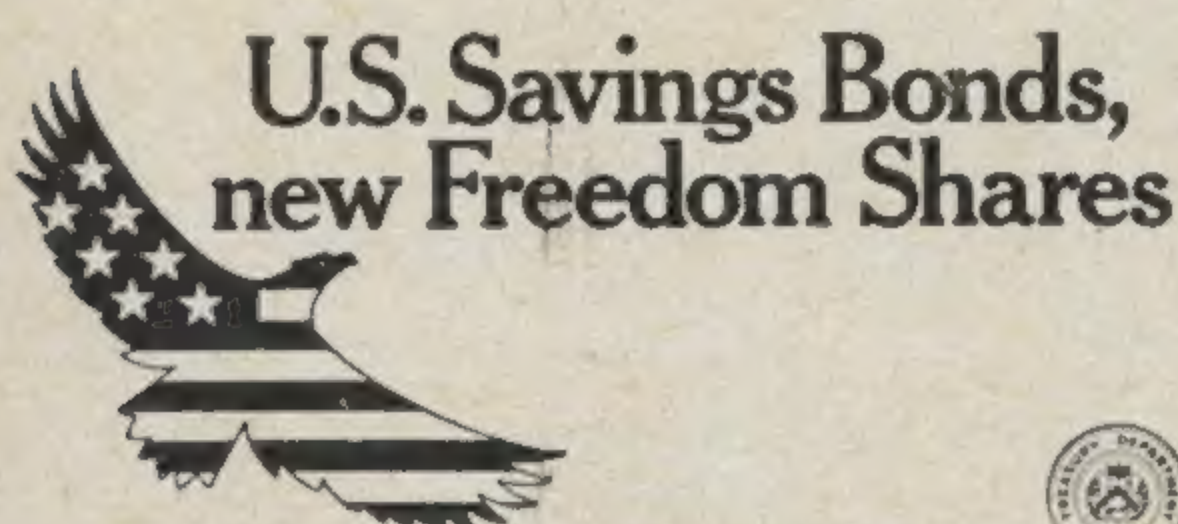


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Richard Lindner

(Continued from page 141)

R. L. Often, the theme is loneliness—I have a feeling that Americans are afraid of being alone. That's why they have music in elevators, in hospitals, at airports, and in restaurants. The telephone is constantly used. Of course, in my paintings, the telephone is a symbol for the twenty-four-hour life of this city—at four in the morning, you see people standing in public telephone booths.

D. S. You say that the theme of many of the dramas in your pictures is loneliness. This is apparent in such a painting as "Marilyn Was Here," where the figure is isolated, with no other people in the painting.

R. L. Yes, I think Marilyn Monroe was a victim of the misunderstanding of publicity in Hollywood which tried to create a star of the 1930's—no longer possible in the 1950's.

D. S. This is a very good example of a picture where the composition seems to reiterate the psychological theme of the painting, the shadow-half of the figure.

R. L. The "makeup" on the left side is her flesh. She was a sex symbol, and that was her costume and her act. And the other side—her shadow—is fear and loneliness.

D. S. She is wearing one of these corsets that appear in many of your paintings.

R. L. Yes, here it is more obvious than in other pictures. She is just dressed as a sex symbol.

D. S. The lettering in "Marilyn" is an element that reappears in many of the paintings.

R. L. I wanted to use the initials of Marilyn Monroe's name, and I wanted them to be very female, but in a very phoney way, because she was female in a phoney, Hollywood way.

D. S. The lettering reiterates or underscores the image?

R. L. Americans use anything to give a message, no matter what they do—in dress, in business, anywhere. Everybody wants to say why he's here, why he's playing this particular rôle.

D. S. Advertising sign imagery is frequently associated

with Pop painting—does your use of lettering in a picture such as "42nd Street" fall within the sphere of Pop?

R. L. It has nothing to do with Pop. It's a jukebox and it has lettering in it. But you could say Stuart Davis was a Pop Artist in that context. When Pop Art was discovered, around the time my work was shown in the "Americans 1963" exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art in New York, I was taken as a Pop Artist; nobody knew what Pop was except Lawrence Alloway. I was not a Pop Artist, but most of the critics believed that at the time I was Pop because I was known in a certain way, as a figurative painter. No, Pop for me was nobody else but Warhol and Oldenburg.

D. S. The difference, then, is between extremely familiar images, common to everyone's experience, and your imagery, which is more personal?

R. L. I still have a European touch of sophistication which, thank God, these Pop people don't have. I envy them for that. I was greatly impressed when I saw Warhol's first work. This I could have never done as a European painter, even if I lived here for fifty or sixty years. There was never anything like this in Europe—supermarkets and things like that.

I consider a painter like Andrew Wyeth a European painter even though he is called a painter of Americana. True Americana is in the work of Warhol and Oldenburg—a hamburger, that's Americana; meadows and peasants, and small town people are European subjects.

I am not really an American—I am a New Yorker—a product of New York—which anybody is after many years of living in this city and liking the city. In New York, everybody is a performer. The artist becomes a performer in New York; the museums are theatres, the collectors are actors . . . rich actors.

I don't believe artists are so different from other people—the artist is often overrated as an individual. I don't observe shoes as much as the shoemaker does, but since I paint people, I observe people perhaps more than the shoemaker observes them.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 74 and 75; other views, yardages, details)



7529


Above: The long-line turnout—Vogue Pattern 7529. Sizes 8-16. Pattern includes jacket, dress, shirt, skirt, pants, and shorts. Size 10 pants: 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yds. of 58/60" fabric with or without nap. Size 10 shirt (with long sleeves added): 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. of 58/60" fabric with or without nap. Size 10 jacket (without sleeves): 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of 54" fabric with or without nap. \$2. In Canada, \$2.20.



7478 7494

Above: The smashy shirt and skirt. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7478. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yds. of 58/60" fabric with or without nap. \$1. Canada, \$1.10. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7494. Waist sizes 23, 24, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$, 27, 29. Size 24 waist: 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. of 58/60" fabric with or without nap. 75c. In Canada, 85c.

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